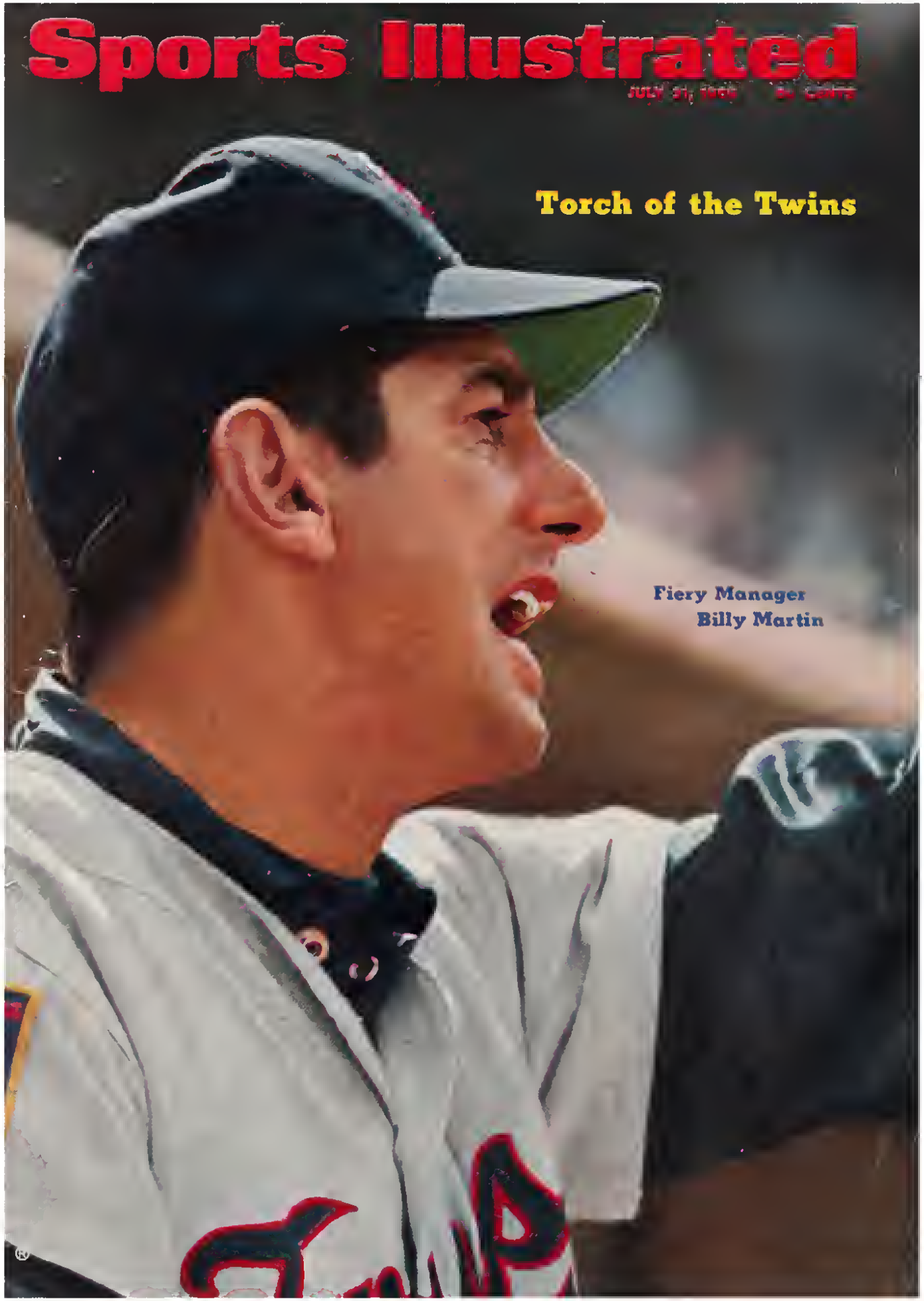
Sports Illustrated
JULY 31, 1967 35 CENTS



Torch of the Twins

Fiery Manager
Billy Martin

Had it with hot taste?





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COMMAND

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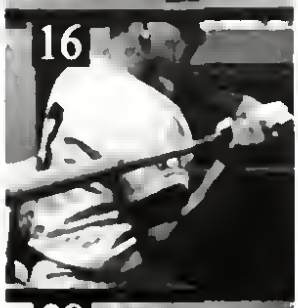
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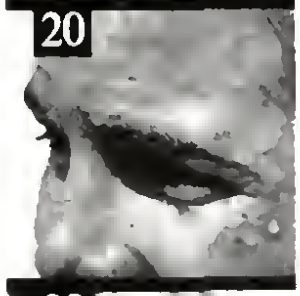
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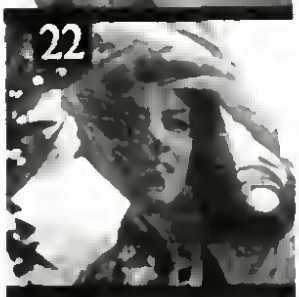
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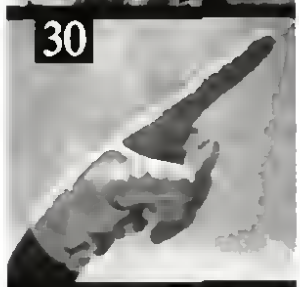
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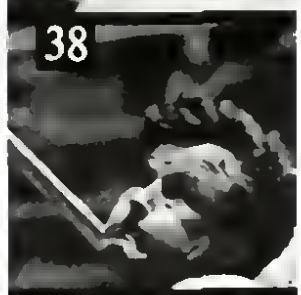


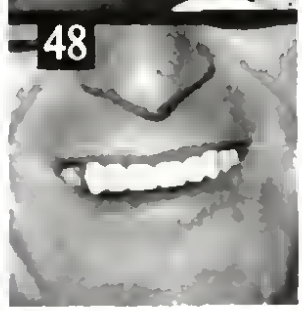












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Next week

A SCALPING PARTY is being assembled in Washington by Vince Lombardi. John Underwood takes a look at the Redskins, their new chief and his No. 1 brave, Sonny Jurgensen.

THE GANG AT THE TOP of a 20,000-foot peak in legendary Nuristan was made up of American amateur climbers the first group ever to put an entire team on the summit.

DE GAULLE'S DELUGE turns out to be tourists, who are thronging Ireland to see where Le Grand Charles vacationed and even to sleep in the same bed. Pat Ryan reports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Writer Jerry Kirshenbaum signed on with TIME magazine a little over three years ago, he joined, among other people, a TIME researcher named Geraldine Kirshenbaum. As can be imagined, the subsequent confusion occasioned much merry laughter and a certain amount of bad language. "One evening," Jerry recalls, "a date of hers walked mistakenly into my office, all set for a night on the town, and did a double take when he saw me. 'Where's Gerry Kirshenbaum?' he asked. 'I'm Jerry Kirshenbaum,' I replied. 'No, seriously,' he said, etc. Luckily," Jerry adds, "I had other plans."

Though Jerry has now come to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED the matter is far from resolved, TIME's Gerry being of all things that magazine's sports researcher. This means that while covering sporting events *our* Jerry often meets people who have had dealings, by letter or telephone, with *their* Gerry. they frequently greet him with, "But I thought you were a girl." This is not the best start for an interview with a 270-pound defensive tackle, but he has learned to overcome.



OUR KIRSHENBAUM—NOT THEIRS

Jerry was born and raised in Benton Harbor, Mich. "Boxing people hear where I'm from," he says, "and right away they mention the Billy Miske-Jack Dempsey title fight, which was held in Benton Harbor in 1920. My father was 14 then and tells me he attended the fight—he sneaked past a gate attendant and sold bottled water to the crowd at a penny a glass." Jerry's own sporting memories of Benton Harbor are not so grand. They principally involve his own athletic career, which peaked in the eighth grade when he made the basketball team and played every game of the season but three. Those were the only three games the team won.

He left the scene of this triumph for Northwestern University where he took his degree in journalism, after which he went to the University of Michigan for a master's degree in political science. He worked for the *Minneapolis Tribune* for three years before coming to New York to join TIME. "My wife Susan is having some trouble adjusting to my being at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," he reports. "It isn't that she doesn't like sports. On the contrary, she takes them so much to heart that she gets agitated during close games and can't bear watching the last two or three minutes of action at home she leaves the TV set and goes and washes dishes, letting the kitchen faucet run full force so she can't hear the commentary. During all the excitement of this year's pro basketball playoffs, I wound up watching the final minutes of almost every game by myself. I really didn't mind. I enjoy eating off clean plates."

The fact that Jerry Kirshenbaum has two articles in this issue, a study of Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner (*page 48*) and a report on javelin throwing (*page 38*), has nothing to do with the fact that he will be 31 at the end of August. We are not working him overtime to get what we can before he finds himself a burned out wreck on the far side of the generation gap. He has simply written two fine pieces, and we look for many more to be produced in his declining years.

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

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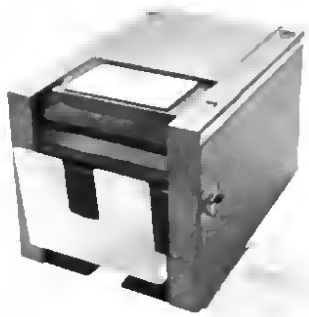
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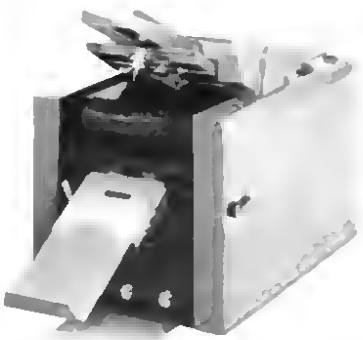
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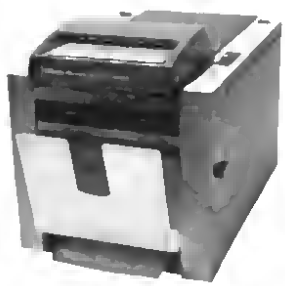
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Plus the highlights of the flights of Scott Carpenter, Wally Schirra and Gordon Cooper, the two-man Gemini flights, Ed White's walk in space, the spacecraft rendezvous of Gemini 6 and 7, the incredibly precise docking maneuvers executed by Scott and Armstrong in Gemini 8, the first orbit of the moon by Borman, Lovell and Anders; the Christmas Eve prayer radioed back to earth by Borman (NASA has already received over 18,000 requests for copies).

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Voices You Will Hear

The astronauts: Al Shepard, Gus Grissom, John Glenn, Scott Carpenter, Wally Schirra, Gordon Cooper, Deke Slayton, John Young, Jim McDivitt, Ed White, Pete Conrad, Frank Borman, Jim Lovell.

Also Tom Stafford, Neil Armstrong, David Scott, Gene Cernan, Mike Collins, Dick Gordon, Buzz Aldrin, Roger Chaffee, Donn Eisele, Walt Cunningham and Bill Anders.





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SCORECARD

A THOUGHT FOR THE NBA

If being blackballed by the National Basketball Association was worth a $1.5 million settlement for Connie Hawkins, what is it worth in the somewhat dissimilar case of Doug Moe?

The NBA's benevolence to Hawkins is an aftereffect of the point-shaving scandals in college basketball in the early 1960s. Any player whose name was involved in the investigations, however marginally, was declared *persona non grata* by the NBA. But, when the American Basketball Association was formed in 1967, some players banned by the NBA were accepted by the new league because none had been proved guilty of point shaving. Among them were Hawkins of Iowa, Roger Brown of Dayton, Moe of North Carolina, Charlie Williams of Seattle and Tony Jackson of St. John's.

Hawkins was a freshman at Iowa when the trouble came and never played for his school. Moe was everybody's All-America at North Carolina in 1960 and was drafted No. 2 by the old Chicago Packers. "I went up to Chicago and signed a contract to play in the NBA," Moe recalled, "but the same day the scandal broke and my name was involved. The league then told me I couldn't play. What I did wrong was to accept $75 from Aaron Wagman, a gambler, the summer before my senior year. He was after me to shave points but I refused." (He also failed to report the offer to his coach.)

After a tour in the army, two years of basketball in Italy and some insurance selling, Moe became an ABA star with the New Orleans Buccaneers in 1967-68 and is now on the roster of the Carolina Cougars after being traded from the 1968-69 champion Oakland Oaks.

"You could say that I am looking into the possibility of a lawsuit," Moe said.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

That funny noise you keep hearing is the sound of high jumpers Fosbury-flopping backward over the bar all around the world.

In France a Mlle. Martine Dubucquoy set a new French women's junior record by clearing 5′ 8½″ with the Fosbury method.

Bill Elliott of the University of Texas won the Southwest Conference high jump with a 6′ 10″ leap and cleared 7 feet on an extra jump.

Meta Antenen, a Swiss miss whose previous best was 5′ 3¼″, switched to the flop this spring and quickly improved by almost four inches. Her new best of 5′ 7⅛″ helped Meta set a world pentathlon record of 5,046 points.

In Hungary, Istvan Major set a new national record at 6′ 11½″.

And Debbie Brill of Canada, who says she invented the technique independently (she calls it the "Brill Bend"), took second in the women's AAU meet in Dayton with a leap of 5′ 8″.

Now, just outside Fosbury's native Portland, Ore., a high school coach is experimenting with a backward long jump. Jim Wilson, Gresham High coach, thinks long jumpers may add up to a foot to their performances by making a half-turn in the air before landing. Working with Wilson to help him perfect the idea is Fosbury's college coach, Bernie Wagner of Oregon State.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION

The thermocline phenomenon, in which a lake separates into layers of sharply varying temperatures, the coldest at the bottom, is no longer a problem for fishermen at Lake Roberts in New Mexico's Gila National Forest.

It used to happen every summer at Roberts. Cold water would form a bottom layer, too cold and too oxygen-free for fish to live in. Only the top 15 feet would circulate enough to gain oxygen from the surface. Since Roberts averages 30 feet in depth, the under half of the lake was inaccessible to trout.

This year a Federal Water Pollution Control team devised a "bubble machine," consisting essentially of a finely porous stone attached to the outlet end of an air hose. With the hose on the bottom and operating, tiny bubbles are released, thus changing the specific gravity of the deepest water. Up comes the bottom layer to the top, and down goes the displaced top layer to the bottom.

Within 30 hours all strata of the lake had enough oxygen to support trout. Roberts can now be stocked with twice as many fish as before and at the end of an initial 144-hour test game department observers reported that fishermen already were getting better catches.

None of which will surprise owners of home aquariums, who have been using "air stones" to aerate their tanks for years.

EASY ACES

A golfer for many of his 61 years, Julian H. (Judy) Parke had three holes in one to his credit as of last spring. Then one recent day at the Ogden (Utah) Golf and Country Club, Judy stepped to the No. 9 tee, selected a four-wood and blasted the ball over a canyon, 150 feet deep. The ball bounced once on the green and into the cup, 170 yards away.

Next day Judy returned to the course, reached No. 9 again and quipped, "Guys, I'll show you how I made that hole in one yesterday." The four-wood came out of the bag again and Parke blasted the ball across the canyon and onto the green, where it bounced once and again plunked into the cup.

In the nine years that Jerry Comer has been the pro at Ogden, he said, only one previous golfer had aced No. 9.

SORING THE TRAINER

That much abused animal, the Tennessee Walking Horse, soon may get legal aid to end the cruel practice of "soring" (SI, Oct. 24, 1960, *et seq.*) by which the horse's hooves or pastern area are deliberately made intensely painful in order to induce him to move about the show ring with the admired Walking Horse gait. Decent training in the gait without the infliction of pain, is a long and skilled process, and some trainers still speed it up with caustic chemicals, nails or chains applied to the forefeet. Sometimes a horse's feet are so sore that he must be propped up on crutches in the stall or forced to move by an electric cattle prod.

Two years ago Senator Joseph D. Tydings of Maryland proposed a bill to

continued

stop the practice by making it illegal to ship a sored horse interstate. Since it was obviously an impossible task to police every highway at every state line the bill failed.

Now the senator has come up with a new bill that is quite a different bucket of oats. Under it, any representative of the Secretary of Agriculture, including deputized local officials, can inspect a horse at any show or exhibition. It also clearly defines "soring" as opposed to blistering for medicinal reasons. Penalty: up to $500 fine and six months in jail.

METAMORPHOSIS

Because he moved from track to professional football with such style and grace, Bob Hayes has inspired other sprinters to do the same. The latest is Tommie Smith, Olympic 200-meter champion, who signed a contract with the Cincinnati Bengals and joined the other Bengals' rookies in the club's camp at Wilmington, Ohio.

A 6'3" 190-pounder, Smith naturally aspires to be a wide receiver like the Dallas Cowboys' Hayes.

"I feel I'll make it," he says, "because I've really been working on it." One difficulty: he has not played football since high school days and then on a team that was not too successful.

"There's one thing for sure," says Paul Brown, the Bengals' coach and general manager. "He's fast enough."

NUCLEAR OVERKILL

Shellfish, algae and crabs in a 300-acre area of Biscayne Bay have been killed by heated water from two oil-powered generators owned by the Florida Power & Light Company at Turkey Point, 25 miles south of Miami. The kill drew pollution investigators to the spot to consider the probable damage to bay life when two nuclear generators owned by the company go into operation.

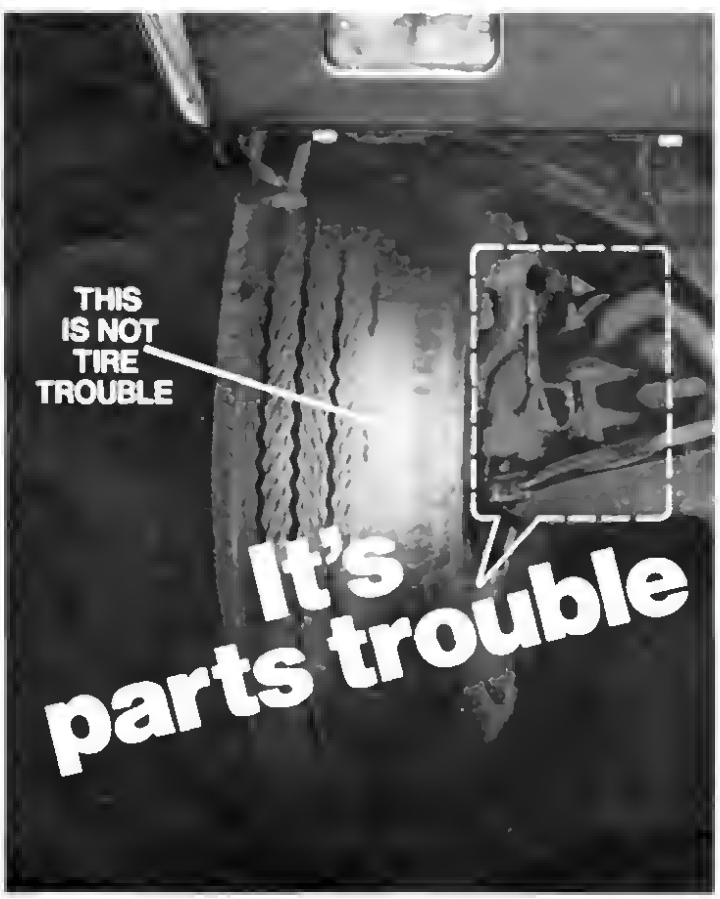
"If we get this kind of damage from a conventional generator," explained Nat Reed, conservation aide to Governor Claude Kirk, "the damage when they start operating those nuclear generators could be colossal." The two oil-heated generators expel one billion gallons of heated water a day. The nuclear generators will discharge three billion.

Over one five-hour period, water temperatures of 103° were recorded, well above the Dade County ordinance that specifies a maximum of 95°, the point at which scientists say most forms of marine life in that area begin to die. But FP&L is operating its Turkey Point plant under a variance from the ordinance. The variance expires July 31 and the company will seek a renewal.

"If it's necessary for them to curtail their operation or shut down their boilers as of July 31," warned Metro Commissioner Earl Starnes, "that's what they're going to have to do."

GONE FISHING

On the off chance that there is still someone out there who has not yet made his summer vacation plans, we pass along this really fun fishing trip that Pan Am

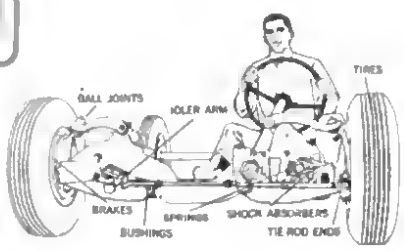


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has worked up with a Chicago travel agency. First, everything is provided accommodations, all meals and ground transportation, fishing licenses, all tackle, guides and boats. And off you go on the trail of trout in Ireland, salmon in Norway, on to Yugoslavia for huchen; dry fly fishing in Austria, over to Mozambique for black marlin; then to New Zealand and Paraguay for trout, Ecuador for striped marlin; on to Costa Rica, Mexico and Nicaragua for tarpon, a bit of bonefishing in British Honduras, back to Canada for lake trout and big muskies.

As any vacationer knows, timing is everything The travel agency figures that the trip can be made in 33 weeks. Air fare comes to $2,585.75. Adding that to the agency's price, the total trip comes to $33,763 75 Per person, of course

Then there is the 316-foot yacht, *Antarna*, which once belonged to the late dictator Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, among others. It has a 55-man crew, 31 sails (34,000 square feet), 12 double staterooms—eight of them with fireplaces—and gold-plated fixtures in the marble-paneled bathrooms.

You may charter the *Antarna* for $7,800 a day, although Bob Fisher, vice-president of the yacht brokerage firm of Northrop and Johnson, adds that, "of course, for longer trips, we make downward adjustments."

RESURRECTION

Racetrack followers will recall the strange story of Francine M., the $200,000 broodmare owned by Leslie Combs II (*page 44*) and Frank M. McMahon. Last April, Francine M was reported to have died at Spendthrift Farm in Lexington, Ky. Actually, it was another bay mare, Hill Poppy, that expired, and not until six weeks later at Belmont did a routine lip-tattoo check reveal to the owners that they still owned Francine M

Far from dead, the 5-year-old bay mare won the $5,825 Coquette Handicap at River Downs Race Track, Cincinnati, running the six furlongs in 1 08$^{3}_{5}$ and thereby breaking a record that had stood since Clang clocked 1:09⅕ at Cincinnati's old Coney Island track on Oct. 12, 1935.

Francine M. will continue racing until the breeding season rolls around next spring

THEY SAID IT

• George Kettt, winner of the first annual Stone Skipping competition at Mackinac Island, Mich., where he skipped a stone 15 times on Lake Huron "Ninety percent of my success is due to an astute selection of stones."

• Edward Bennett Williams, Washington Redskins president, on Vice-President and Coach Vince Lombardi: "I can honestly say I will be the first president of a corporation to come into power upon the death, resignation or impeachment of the vice-president."

• Joe Don Looney, back from nine months in Viet Nam, after signing with the New Orleans Saints as a free agent: "I want to play football. I came out of the service with a new attitude." **END**



Sports Illustrated
JULY 21, 1969

LIEGE LORD OF GOLF

The new Prince of Wales will rule England someday, but right now the Isle is in the hands of princely Tony Jacklin who handsomely ended an 18-year reign of foreigners by winning the British Open

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

They held another investiture in the British Isles last week. This one was for Tony, the First Tony of Jacklin, whose colors for the occasion were lavender and lilac. If not quite regal, they were the appropriate adornment. Muted hues of purple, the color of passion, they served as perfect coordinates to the smashing golf of their wearer.

By his victory in the British Open in the first week of his 25th year, Tony Jacklin became much more than a lavender and lilac "flash boy," the brash and anxious son of a lorry driver from Scunthorpe. He answered the hopes and dreams of a country that is all things passionate in its love of golf and that had waited 18 long and sorrow-filled years for one of its own to, as they say, buck up and repel the usurpers of its championship. The British had been grooming him certainly, preparing the title for him, and on Saturday at Royal Lytham and St. Annes on the brink of the Irish Sea finally it was his, Tony of the House of Jacklin. Liege Lord and Guardian of Golf. Yes, a prince. And that makes two of those in a row for England.

When he shot an immaculate 68-70-70-72—280 at Royal Lytham near Blackpool, Jacklin defeated par by four strokes and his closest rival among a select group of the finest golfers in the world by two. He also gave a solid thumping to those fates and furies that have had it in for Britons, and he became the first of his countrymen to win the 109-year-old championship since marvelous Max Faulkner, in his plus fours, turned back the foreigners in 1951.

Adding to the significance and glory of the occasion was the way Jacklin won—by resisting pressure. He achieved his victory on the third day, not the last, by scrambling guttily through what are perhaps the most severe and hazardous finishing holes this side of the moon without getting himself swallowed up by sand, blown down by wind or run over by a train. When he emerged, dashing Tony had command of the tournament, and indeed of all British golf, for a long time to come.

As anyone knows who has suffered claustrophobia on their fairways, English courses are born, not made. The 14th through 18th holes at Royal Lytham and St. Annes are a series of winding, dipping, scratching, curling and thoroughly baffling par-4s set—buried would be a better word—amid a wasteland of dense brush and mounds of gorse and scrub. They test a player's brain as much as his swing, and last week, if he could block out the wheezing snorts and honks of the railroad trains that kept screeching through the course every other bogey or so, he might find some way to negotiate this final stretch safely. Like, say, by picking up.

On Friday, having just tied the two early leaders, Bob Charles and Christy O'Connor, Jacklin stood on the 14th tee and surveyed the homestretch. Up ahead Billy Casper was dropping four strokes, U.S. Open champion Orville Moody was dropping five, and both were dropping out of the tournament. Behind, Charles and O'Connor were soon to lose three apiece. "If I must, I must," Jacklin said. "For England"—or something like that.

Jacklin began mildly with a par, and he had a fine birdie (at 16) in the middle of the torture. But on 15, again on 17 and finally on 18—while intermittently hacking and slicing his way through the wild scrub and high heather—he came out of serious danger with a trio of courageous bunker shots to salvage, of all things, a bogey, a bogey and a par. Atta way to charge, Tony.

Depending on one's point of view, this furious assault on the championship was a comedy of limited design or a piece of pop art, but it certainly provided Jacklin with the two-stroke lead he was never to relinquish.

The Open (which in Britain is the only name permitted for the tournament because, really now, chaps, what other Open is there?) was being contested for the fifth time at Royal Lytham and St. Annes. In 1926 Bobby Jones won the

continued

It was a bonnie day for Tony, who had a smile for the gallery and a check for his victory.







first of his three English titles there when he hit a miracle shot 175 yards from a blind position out of sand to set up a par on the 17th hole and beat Al Watrous. A plaque is in the bunker from which Jones played (you do not get a free drop if your ball stops near it) and his mashie is in the clubhouse. The most recent Royal Lytham championship, in 1963, has become notable partly because a lefthander, Charles, won and partly because Jack Nicklaus fumbled it away, his problem including one strange enemy: silence. Nicklaus came to the 18th tee on the final day with what he thought was a one-stroke lead. Actually, the quiet reserve of the British galleries failed to alert him to the fact that Charles and Phil Rodgers had both birdied 16. Nicklaus, playing too safely, bogeyed 18. He was off the course 15 minutes before he realized the pending playoff would not include him.

In seasons since, the British Open and its crowds have become more Americanized. As Nicklaus himself said last week after a spectacular shot, "Did you see that? One guy almost clapped."

Other changes have included money and organization. Total purses used to be counted in sixpence, but in six years prize money at the Open has increased practically fourfold, and last week Jacklin deposited well over $10,000 in U.S. green. That is still hardly worth the U.S. pro's time and effort, what with the breaking-up of his summer pace, the two tour tournaments he misses, the adjustment to the smaller British ball (and then back again), the loss of sleep and, in most cases, loss of confidence, too, as he stumbles through the cabbage and over the railroad trestles. "This trip gets expensive," said Gardner Dickinson, who was appearing in his first British Open. "If you don't win the thing, you ask yourself what the hell you were doing here."

Dickinson came, along with such other first-timers as Miller Barber, Lee Trevino and Raymond Floyd, simply because the tournament is one of the two or three best in all of golf, an exquisitely produced event that has recently come under the direction and charm of Keith McKenzie, the new executive secretary of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. McKenzie made a special trip to the Crosby at Pebble Beach in a worthy and successful attempt at luring more U.S. pros to England. And he offered several innovations at Royal Lytham, including scoreboards at every hole, bleachers (seating a total of 10,000) at every green and computerized leader boards all over the course.

A major part of the American contingent, which was felt to be the strongest in years, was quartered for the Open at the Imperial Hotel in nearby Blackpool. This is an expansive, gabled structure reminiscent of a mausoleum in atmosphere—and it conforms nicely to the surroundings. Blackpool has long been the seaside vacation spot of Britain's lower classes, but lately it has gone to seed. Visitors amuse themselves with rides on the Ferris wheel, trips to the casinos and views of the Tower of Blackpool, a rusty derrick where, inside, one may take a cup of tea. In America, the town would be called Vegas Coney.

American pros staying there, it must be confessed, displayed little more inspiration than the town, what with Dickinson missing the cut, and people like Trevino finishing tied for 33rd, Casper 24th and Moody 15th. It was left to Davis Love, a barely known club pro from Atlanta who had to drive an hour to the course each day from the village of Little Thornton, to tie Nicklaus for sixth and provide both a lot of goodwill and a touch of sparkle. "Some people want to win all the major championships, I just want to play in all of them," he told the pleased British.

The Open's first two days saw two spectacular rounds, one by Charles and one by O'Connor, that sent both men into lofty positions. Charles' opening-day 66 earned a cheer of "well done, Robert" from Sean Connery, leaning out the clubhouse window, and was a tribute to the lanky New Zealander's putting stroke, which is probably the best in the game.

Along toward 8 p.m. of the following day O'Connor bounded home with as improbable a 65 as has ever been seen in a major championship. The 44-year-old Christy, a Dublin veteran of as many drinking bouts and clubhouse scuffles as he is of British tournaments, hit but five fairways and used only 25 putts—10 on the back nine—in a round that had Byron Nelson shaking his head. "Most fantastic thing I've ever seen," he said. "The man should have had 74."

Was it the luck of the Irish? Christy was asked by an incautious Australian. "Ye can put it down if ye like," said O'Connor, irritated. "But if ye go back through the years, ye'll find Aye haven't had myself much luck."

Eoin McQuillan, an Irish journalist from Belfast, was a bit put out himself by the talk of O'Connor's drinking prowess. "These local chaps don't put it in perspective. Damn fools," he said. "An Englishman takes six pints of an evening and he thinks it's a damn blast-out. An Irishman takes that much, for God's sake, he's but washing his teeth."

Friday was the day defending champion Gary Player, among others, went out of the tournament, and Nicklaus (with a 68) and Roberto De Vicenzo (66) got back in. Australia's Peter Thomson, a five-time winner who was both playing in and covering the event for the *Melbourne Age*, filed overnight that he, too, was very much in contention, just three strokes off Jacklin's lead with one round to go.

The next morning Pat Ward-Thomas, the esteemed golf writer of *The Guardian*, talked of the "fascinating" pressure, and said, "You know, the bloody Jacklin will be watched closely by 50 million British wishing to heaven that he doesn't turn into an absolute jelly."

Jacklin, far from shaky, picked up two quick shots early and seemed to take all the fight out of anyone who would make a run at him. He faltered a bit later, but Charles could never get the lead below two, and as the pair slashed through those final fiendish holes it surprised no one when they matched each other bogey for bogey. Behind Charles, in the most international of all Open finishes, came De Vicenzo, Thomson, O'Connor, Nicklaus and Love.

Afterward Jacklin said something about owing it all to his time on the American tour, but his countrymen will forgive him that. They will remember, instead, a scene earlier in the day when Nicklaus, ready to putt on the 6th green, heard a mighty roar for a Jacklin birdie putt at the 4th. Nicklaus looked up, grinned and slowly nodded his head. He got the message. Things have changed in England. When the pressure is on, a dashing young "linksman" doesn't dissolve to jelly anymore. He turns into a prince. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CRANHAM

Lovely in lavender, Jacklin and Bob Charles meet the colorful hazards of Royal Lytham.

A TORRID TIME FOR THE TWINS

Speaking softly and carrying a big blowtorch, Billy Martin has his fired-up Twins in first place despite wobbly pitching. They hit the ball hard and they never stop running until they cross home place **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**



Booting one, Frank Quilici laughs it up with Chuck Manuel and Martin in a relaxed practice.

Billy Martin (see *cover*) says that since 1962, when he ended his career as a desperado infielder and settled down with the Minnesota Twins as a scout, "I have been an organization man."

But that is an oversimplification. During the period referred to he has punched not the organization's clock but one of its vice-presidents. He has also come up with the idea of Nuns' Day, played Pygmalion to a one-shot Most Valuable Player, masterminded so many thieveries of home that in half a year one of his thieves tied the record, expressed public reservations about Ted Williams, won Joe Frazier's endorsement as the only man in the majors who knows how to handle his fists, threatened to drown Joe Gordon, put up a tomato crop in cans and set fire, as they say, to the Denver Bears once and the Twins, themselves, twice. Billy the Kid, in short, has not become some faceless, plastic cog.

Martin the Torch first lit up and into the Twins in 1965, when he became their third-base coach, by establishing a special relationship with Zoilo Versalles and provoking the rest of the Twins enough to earn a good deal of the credit for their comeback from sixth place to a pennant. Last year he took over the previously sodden Denver farm club and got it hot, and this year, as manager of the Twins, he has irritated his team up from a dreary seventh place finish behind even the Yankees in 1968 to a crowd-warming command over the American League's Western Division.

Of course a manager, however incendiary he may be, does not account for the whole fire. Harmon Killebrew, who was injured in 1968 and is now threatening to drive in his weight (210 pounds) in runs, started pushing the ball to right field this year for base hits and recommenced pulling it over the fence for home runs, of his own accord. Leo Cardenas has transformed the Twins from the team

making the fewest double plays in the league to the one making the second most. Ron Perranoski has saved more games in relief than any other American Leaguer. And Rod Carew is hitting .356, Tony Oliva .339, Cardenas .297, Rich Reese .324 and John Roseboro .283. Martin, in fact, is the only genius in the American League who has at his disposal, among other recourses, at least eight (including Ted Uhlaender and Cesar Tovar) really good-hitting regulars.

On the other hand, he is the only first-place or even second-place manager in the majors who has no pitcher at all who can be called a stopper, and only two (Dave Boswell, 11-8, and Jim Kaat, 9-6) who can be called regular starters. (Dean Chance, the Twins' top pitcher, is supposed to come back after the All-Star break, so far, an arm injury has kept Chance from being of much value.)

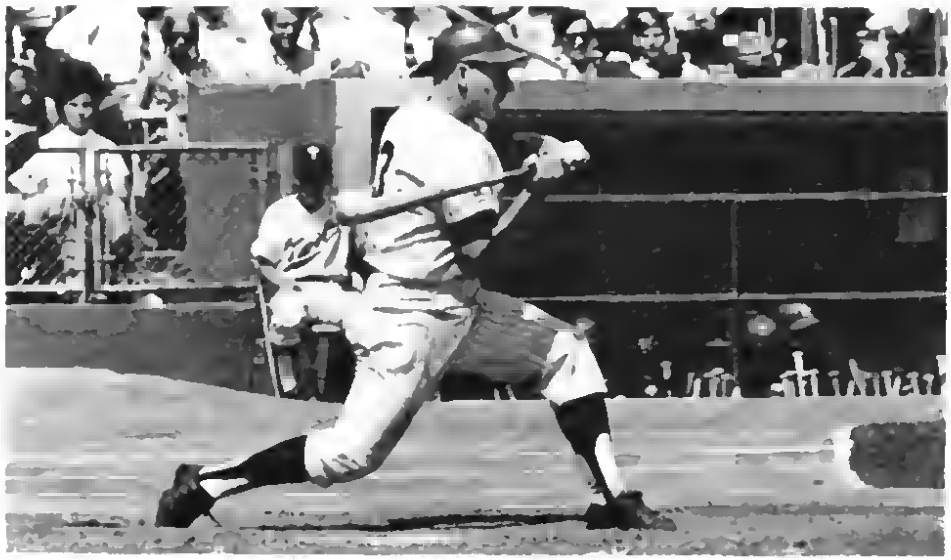
More to Martin's credit, he was instrumental in the acquisition of Cardenas this winter from the Reds. Carew is grateful to Martin for batting tips. Selective platooning has helped improve team hitting. Furthermore, without Martin's inspired guidance the Twins would not be the exciting team they have become.

Last year, at least after they went into decline and always seemed to be too far behind to take chances, the Twins tended to sit back and hope for a game-saving homer. This year they do everything but run up and grab the ball out of the opposing pitcher's hand and fungo it somewhere. Killebrew is a convenient symbol for this new fluidity, having stolen four bases so far this year, after stealing seven between 1954 and 1968. But what goes on out there when the Twins get fancy cannot be represented by statistics. Consider the fifth and eighth innings of the Twins-White Sox game of July 1, before 7,609 souls in Chicago.

The Twins are behind 5–3 going into the fifth. Uhlaender leads off with a home run, and Carew follows with a nice triple. Now, a tremor goes through the crowd, as well it might. "I've always said home is the easiest base to steal," says Martin, "if you time it right. You can get a big lead, because you know the pitcher is taking a windup."

Martin relished stealing home himself, and under his tutelage the Denver Bears developed the stratagem into a specialty. So far in '69 the Twins have done it

continued



Harmon Killebrew, restored to heavy-hitting health, tops both leagues in runs batted in



Rod Carew, Martin's prize pupil, leads the league in hitting and steals everything in sight

eight times, which is eight more times than last year. Once it was Frank Quilici, the utility infielder, scoring from third on a special play set in motion when a runner on first allowed himself to be picked off. That was the second theft of any base in Quilici's four years in the majors. Once it was Tovar against Detroit's Mickey Lolich. On that play Carew went to sleep and stayed on second base. He atoned by stealing third and then home in the space of Lolich's next three or four pitches. Six times in all it has been Carew, who already has tied the American League season record held by Bobby Roth and Ty Cobb and is only one shy of Pistol Pete Reiser's major league mark of seven.

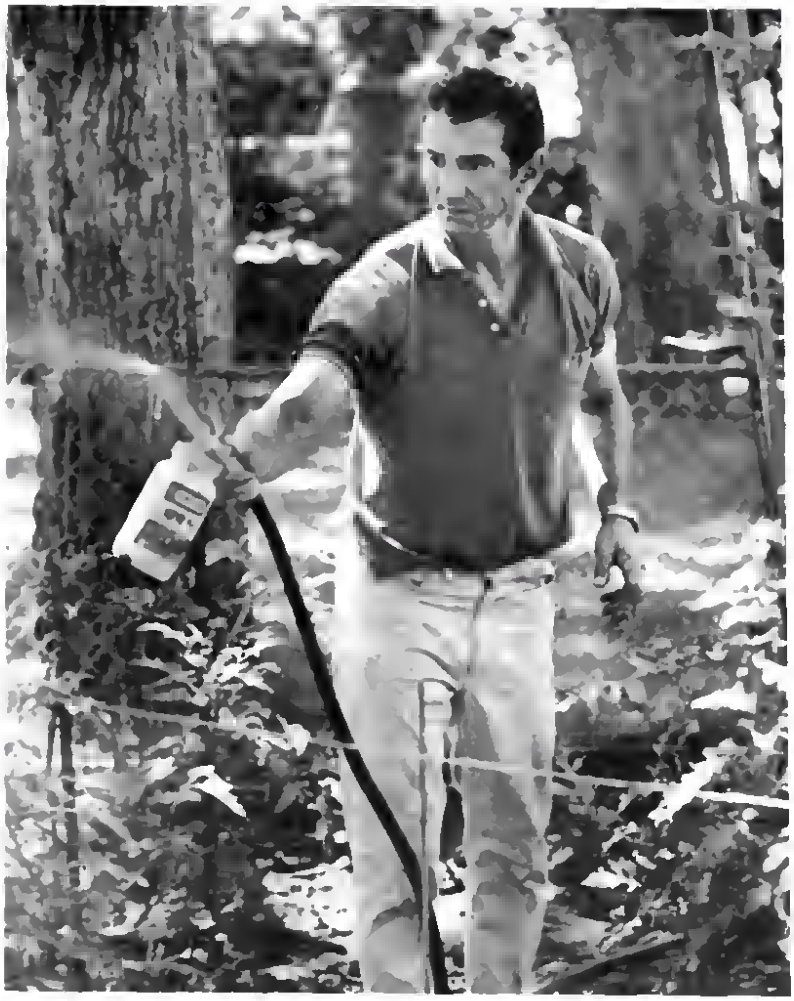
The time is ripest with a right-hand hitter at the plate, because he can stand in there until the last moment and block the catcher. The runner has studied and timed the pitcher's delivery, so that he knows exactly when to take off. He slides so as to catch the one exposed corner of the plate with his right foot. Carew is 6 for 6 (8 for 8 counting spring training), and in every case the run has been important, or seemed so at the time. Only once, the last time, did he go without a signal. Killebrew was at bat and fortunately heard Carew coming just in time to restrain himself from hitting him into short left field. Afterward, Martin told Carew never to choose such a situation again.

To return to the game in Chicago: although nobody is out and Oliva and Killebrew are the next two hitters, Wilbur Wood of the Sox is pitching out of a stretch to hold Carew on. "That takes something away from the pitcher," says Martin. "At least it takes away some of his deception." It also makes it hard for Carew to catch Reiser. He confines himself to bluffing, as Oliva pops out. But when Killebrew taps to the mound, Carew has somehow got such a jump that he beats Wood's throw to the plate. Killebrew gets an RBI and is safe on a fielder's choice, but the play has been virtually a double steal, of home and first. Then Reese hits his second home run in two innings, and after a walk Martin brings in Tovar, the best overall base runner on the team, to pinch-run.

While Rosebore is at bat, Tovar steals second—on a *pitchout*—and then third. After Roseboro pops out, Cardenas comes up, and pretty soon Tovar breaks for home. He has it made, but the pitch hits Cardenas, sending him to first and Tovar back to third. Pitcher Dick Woodson is up. White Sox Catcher Don Pavletich, a seasoned receiver, is so rattled by Tovar's fits and starts that he keeps dropping pitches. Finally, the third strike to Woodson gets away from him entirely, and Tovar, going on the pitch, crosses the plate. Unfortunately Woodson dawdles and is thrown out to end the inning, no doubt to get himself chewed out.

"A man will do something wrong," says Quilici, "and Billy gets so wound up in the game he'll get up from the bench and chew him out from his toes to his teeth right there." Anyway, four runs and a lot of fun on three hits.

Cisco Carlos sets the Twins down in order in the sixth and seventh, but Roseboro leads off the eighth with a single and goes around to third on Cardenas' single. Now ordinarily a 30-year-old man on first and a 36-year-old catcher on third are not an intimidating pair. But the White Sox appear to be uneasy. Carlos throws a pitchout, then a very high ball. Finally, Cardenas breaks for second and Pavletich cocks his arm, cocks it again and inexplicably throws a soft grounder toward the hole between third and short. Cardenas is safe at second, Roseboro holds. Carlos then tries to pick Roseboro off third and throws the ball away. Roseboro scores, Cardenas goes to third. The suicide squeeze figures to be on. That is the only kind of squeeze Martin believes in. Woodson, however, grounds out, bringing up Uhlaender. At last, Cardenas breaks for the plate. If Uhlaender doesn't bunt it on the ground, Cardenas is dead. Uhlaender bunts it



Martin, a fighter even in the garden, mounts attack against opponents on his tomato plants.

just right. Two runs on two singles. No other team in baseball can turn beating Chicago 10–5 into such an experience.

But then no other team is managed by a man who once made an all-time great hair-raising catch on a pop-up just to the right of the mound. The Yankees' pitcher and first-baseman were somehow reluctant to get involved that day in the 1952 World Series with two out and the wind blowing and four Dodgers rounding the bases at once, but Martin, as far away as he was from the ball, just could not stay out of the action. Now, he refuses to sit back and trust his big batting guns to overpower the other side.

And when someone asks him a question, he cannot be discreet. Take the question about Ted Williams a few weeks ago. Martin said (as he recalls it now), "He was the greatest hitter I ever saw, but as a second baseman I didn't have any respect for him, because he never slid into me. On a double play he'd go out of the baselines. It's nothing personal. But if the truth is a crime, then this country is in trouble."

Earlier in the year, when asked at a luncheon in Cleveland about Joe Gordon's managing of the Indians in 1959, he replied Joe didn't do a good job—he "let personalities enter in"—and benched Jim Piersall, Vic Power and his second baseman, named Martin. Manager Martin added that he thought Gordon was doing a good job this year in Kansas City, but that angle was not played up in the press, and when the Twins came to Kansas City in the last week of June, Gordon told a reporter that the visitors were handicapped by their "young, outspoken manager. Martin is too immature in some of his ways."

But Martin continued to speak out the next day, and so the feud became the most enjoyable of the year. Most of the byplay was relayed between the Minnesota and Kansas City benches by eager reporters, so there is no one authoritative account, but Martin says it all began when he shouted across the field to Gordon in the opposing dugout, "Hey Joe, you're too outspoken." It ended with Martin inviting Gordon on a fishing trip, and then recalling that he and former Twins Manager Sam Mele went fishing once, Mele fell in, and Martin had to pull him out by the hair. It would be hard, Martin noted, to save the bald-headed Gordon that way.

Day-to-day Martin is not nearly so lighthearted. Whenever he thinks someone has done wrong, Martin tells him. "A lot of veterans don't like to be told about little things," observes Quilici. "They figure they've been around and they know when they do something wrong. But Billy believes in telling them anyway." Rosebore, one of those who does not care to be nagged, says playing for Martin "is not the easiest job in the world, because he wants everything just so. But as long as you're winning, you don't give a damn how hard it is."

An important point. Martin brashly told everybody what they were doing wrong when he was playing for the Yankees, and they liked it, because they were winning and he was helping. When he went on to other teams, all of which were losing, he was unpopular. After he left Detroit, for instance, Al Kaline was quoted as being relieved that "we don't have that pop-off Martin, talking about pennants."

On the field Martin mixes freely with his players, fielding pregame grounders and joking in his rather high-pitched voice, but sometimes it is possible to sense the fine line he treads, by nature, between being provocative and being provoking. It is hard to imagine his ever becoming venerable. The "Dead End Kid" who fought his way up seems to abide in him still—a fresh, awkward recruit, innocently determined to be the best Marine possible, covered over by a hard but semitransparent layer of drill instructor.

"Billy was always stuck with the label of a kid," says Quilici. "He would tell people to do things before he was manager, and they'd think he didn't know what he was talking about."

Yet Martin says he was resolved to hold on to his job as third-base coach for the security. But his wife Gretchen talked him into taking the Denver job; she says she knew managing was what he really wanted to do. "When he said he wanted to go to Denver," says Twins President Calvin Griffith, "I told him he was a damn fool. He was valuable as a coach, and I had no idea he'd ever be our manager. His biggest fault was his temperament. [As late as 1966, he hit Vice-President Howard Fox in the eye.] But he learned to control it. I went down there and watched him manage, and I liked what I saw."

Martin bought his first home in 1962, in suburban Richfield near the Twins' park, and he spends his scant free time there wrestling with his 4-year-old boy Billy Joe, growing eggplant and tomatoes (which he had to can himself one year when Gretchen was sick) and working around the house. "He's one of those people who just have to be doing something all the time," says Mrs. Martin, a Nebraskan and former airline stewardess. When the Twins lose, she says, "I don't even try to console him. I'm sure I couldn't."

"She's actually got a bad temper," Martin says happily. "She's the one who gets mad all the time around the house. But she's a very level-headed, intelligent woman, and a very pretty one. We've been married going on 10 years, and I couldn't have picked a better girl."

Undoubtedly, then, he is more settled personally than in 1955, when his first wife left him saying you "can't stay in love with a newspaper clipping." And he appears to have channeled his pop-ing-off instinct into a good technique for handling men. He coaxed Versalles in '65 into the best year of his checkered career, Martin says, not by being solicitous, but by giving him hell carefully and away from everyone else, so as not to hurt his pride.

"The day after he chews you out," says Quilici, "he'll sit down and talk it out with you, explain it, and you'll know where you stand. And he'll play you again in the same situation."

On a recent sweltering day in Kansas City, Carew was slow to cover second, and the resultant stolen base contributed to Boswell's being knocked out of the box. Boswell came into the dugout tearing his shirt to shreds, shouting and waving in the direction of Carew. It was an unseemly show, but Martin understands temper. He talked it out with Boswell and then told Carew what the situation was and what he'd done wrong, and eventually the air was clear.

Another time Martin went out to Boswell, who hates to leave a game, and asked him if he was tired. Boswell admitted that he was, and Martin took him out. "After the game I told Boswell, 'Now you've come of age. Now you're interested in the ball club.'

" 'You know, Billy,' he told me, 'you're the first man I've ever told the truth to.'

"Talk about something rewarding . . . ," concludes Billy Martin. **END**

SANTA CLARA HOLDS A SPLASHDOWN

California's wonderkids, led by the ubiquitous Mark Spitz, repelled a foreign invasion in the star-spangled Santa Clara Invitational by ANITA VERSCHOTH

Mark Spitz the Beautiful had just won his Saturday morning heat in the 200-meter freestyle and was swimming a few leisurely laps in the warmup pool to cool off. Mark's mother was standing by the pool with an elderly couple, her relatives, who were trying to get the boy's attention. "Mark, Mark," the old gentleman called, "get out of that beginners' pool." Mark climbed out at the other end of the pool, all right, but then he disappeared swiftly in the crowd, throwing one furtive glance over his shoulder at his disappointed kinfolk. Young Spitz needed to do some concentrating. He was after Don Schollander's world record in the 200 freestyle, and he meant to get it that afternoon.

Most U.S. swimmers who competed in the Santa Clara International Invitational Swimming and Diving Meet last week were still in an early stage of training. They had not tapered down or rested for the meet, which they regarded as a test to find out where they stood in their training and what they needed to do to peak for the national championships in Louisville next month. But a number of top foreign athletes, including just about everybody who can beat the Americans, were on hand, and the competition on three sunny days at Santa Clara's beautiful International Swim Center became so fierce that some swimmers were amazed at their own performances. Not so Mark Spitz.

Spitz is a young man in a hurry, as impatient with long training periods as he is to get the world records he does not have. On Friday in the 100-meter butterfly he had tied his own world record of 55.6 seconds, and he had been disappointed. "I wanted to break it," he said, "I had six weeks of training. I put on 10 pounds of muscle, and I'm faster now. I'm looking forward to the 200 freestyle tomorrow, because I don't have the record yet in that. Schollander has it. I still have to take it away from him." Though this sounds like the old Mark Spitz, it is worth noting that he has changed somewhat. Spitz no longer comes from behind to take his opponents in the final sprint. He takes the lead at once and churns away, to everybody's frustration. "He is fantastic," said Martyn Woodroffe, the 18-year-old Welshman who finished third in the 100 butterfly. "He has so much power, and his arm recovery is so relaxed."

In the 200 freestyle Spitz led all the way, and when he hit the wall for the last time he had tied Schollander's world mark at 1:54.3. "What were the three times?" he asked his coach, George Haines of the Santa Clara Swim Club. Haines went to consult the timers. "All three are the same," he reported. "I don't like to hold the record jointly with somebody," Mark said, frowning. A reporter suggested that no one in the race had pushed him. "There wasn't anybody to push Schollander when he set it," Mark reported. "I need another month of straight training." Ironically, when Spitz took the victory stand he was presented with a set of silver bowls as a special award. The award was called the Don Schollander Trophy.

Spitz was the outstanding athlete of the meet—he also won the 100-meter freestyle—but others added to the luster of the invitational. Gary Hall, 17, of Garden Grove, Calif., who had been chasing Charlie Hickcox for two years, broke Hickcox's world record in the 400-meter individual medley by three-tenths of a second when he was clocked in 4:38.7. He also won the 1,500 freestyle the following day. In the fall Hall will join Spitz at the University of Indiana.

Brian Job, Santa Clara wonderboy in the breaststroke, broke the existing American and world records over 200 meters twice, in the heats with a 2:27.3 and in the finals with a 2:25.8, but Russian Nikolai Pankin has a pending world record of 2:25.4. Job also set an American record in the 100-meter breaststroke of 1:07.0. No American has been a threat in the breaststroke in several years, but now Job can see a world record in his future. "This really came as a total shock to me," he said. "I'm not at my top form or anything yet." Job beat Felipe Muñoz, who won an Olympic gold medal for Mexico in the 200 breaststroke, in both races. On the victory stand Muñoz said to Job, "You are crazy to swim that fast."

Felipe Muñoz was just one of the many foreign stars who had flown to California to make the invitational the biggest and most international meet in its three years of existence. From across the Pacific came a Japanese team, and Canada sent silver medalist Ralph Hutton. West Germany's Hans Fassnacht, now a Long Beach resident training under Don Gambril, was there to win the 400-meter freestyle, and chubby Andrea Gyarmati from Budapest, who is 15 years old and giggles a lot, took the 100-meter butterfly, although she had been terrified of the American girls when she arrived. On the other hand, Roland Matthes, the quiet, shy East German who won gold medals in the two Olympic backstroke events and holds the world records in both, was not afraid of anyone. He knew he was the best, and he proved it. First he bettered Charlie Hickcox's American record in the 100 backstroke, and on the next day he lowered his own world record in the 200 backstroke by one-tenth of a second with a clocking of 2:07.4. Matthes is a tall, skinny 18-year-old high school boy from Erfurt, Thuringia. He wanted to come to the meet with his female coach, Marlies Grohe, but Dr. Rudolf Schramme decided that he would go instead. "He is the boss of the [swimming] federation," said Matthes.

Dr. Schramme never smiled once, but Matthes did after he finished his 200-meter race. He had taken a big early lead, and Mitch Ivey of the Santa Clara Swim Club had been pleased. "I looked

over after 75 meters," Ivey said later, "and I noticed he was way out there. I was glad that he took it out that way, because I thought I would have more stamina at the end. I was going to outsprint him." Ivey closed on Matthes, and at 150 meters they turned together, but the German picked up the beat and won by a stroke. Still in the water, Matthes smiled his little smile. Everybody was talking about his new world record, but he could not understand English. Finally, someone called the time to him in German. "Oh," said Matthes, shaking his head in surprise. Then he went over to Mitch Ivey and put his arm around him.

No records were set in the women's events, but Debbie Meyer was back and winning. She took both her freestyle events and the 400 individual medley. Debbie had not swum the 400 in an outdoor meet for a couple of years, and when she tried it in the indoor nationals this year, she finished third. "I have been training very hard since May," said *Debbie, still a down-to-earth, friendly* girl after all those Olympic medals. "This meet is very important to me. I need to know where I stand." Now every swimmer knows that she has to try a lot harder to knock off Debbie Meyer. Her coach, Sherm Chavoor of the Arden Hills Swim Club, said, "It was tough getting her up there again. How do you rekindle a fire after a great Olympics?" She is 16. She is too young to retire. But she hadn't done well until last month. She gets a little panicky. Everybody is her enemy. She did so much traveling after the Olympics. She trained, but it wasn't real training, she was just getting wet. About a month ago she started getting in shape."

Another American girl who had not been too sure of herself lately was Lieutenant Micki King, the Air Force diver. Micki will turn 25 next week, but she does not plan to retire until after the Munich Olympics. At Mexico City, while leading the competition in the three-meter springboard event, just two dives away from a gold medal, she broke her left arm hitting the board. At Santa Clara, Micki competed in her first major meet since Mexico City, and she won the three-meter event. In the 10-meter dive, however, Micki did not expect to be so successful. Ten meters is just over *33 feet, but Micki likes to say, "It's 33* feet up and 100 feet down." Her chief opponent was Milena Duchkova, the 17-year-old gold medalist from Czechoslovakia. Diving has been Milena's favorite occupation since she was 8, and last year she beat the world, except Micki, of course, who never had a chance to compete in the platform event at Mexico City. During all these years Milena has been the pupil of Dr. Maria Cermakova, a diving and swimming teacher at the University of Prague who was in Santa Clara with her.

Milena is a little girl, only 5' 2½" tall. "When her mother brought her to me because she wanted her to become a diver," said Dr. Cermakova, "I did not want to take her. She was 8 years old, but she looked like a 6-year-old. She was just standing there, not saying a word, looking at me with those eyes. I could not send her away."

In the platform competition at Santa Clara, either Micki or Milena could have taken it on the last dive. Micki was leading after eight dives by 1.35 points, a very negligible margin. Both had chosen a difficult dive for the last one. Micki a back 1½ somersault with a 2½ twist, and Milena an inward 2½ somersault in pike position. The degree of difficulty was the same, 2.7. *Both dives were excellent, but* Micki's got the higher score. She beat Milena by 5.40 points. Slowly, with a serious look, Milena walked back to Dr. Cermakova. "Next time," she said.

And that, of course, was what the meet was supposed to be all about. END



Three record-equeling races left Spitz smiling



After two-yeer crusade. Hall got medley merk



Still the best. Germany s Matthes won twice.

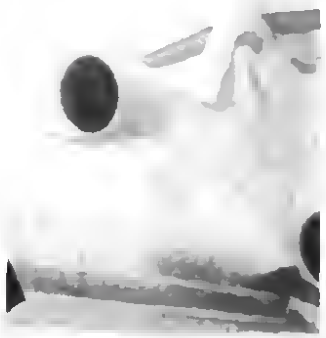
I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS



Twice shocked and hurt by abrupt dismissals, baseball's least-retiring folk hero lands not only on his feet but on top of a mad, mod world. First he peddles himself for $150,000 to the pennant-bound Red Sox, then swallows his pride—after certain financial adjustments—to join up with Cleveland, a city that meets him with roses, poetry and song

by KENNETH HARRELSON and AL HIRSHBERG







When I walked into the Kansas City ball park the day after the Senators sold me back to the Athletics in 1967, Alvin Dark and I practically fell into each other's arms. After talking awhile, he said, "O.K., Hawk, I'm going to let you watch a couple of ball games. I know what you've been through with Gil Hodges and I want you to clear your mind. I watched you when we played Washington and I know you've got your stroke back. You're ready to break loose at the plate and really help us."

I sat on the bench for three or four games, pinch-hit a couple of times and hit the ball hard. Then one day Alvin said, "Are you ready?"

"I'm all set, Alvin."

"O.K. From now on you're my first baseman."

Alvin moved Ramon Webster from first base to the outfield, and life looked rosy to us all. We were pulling together, winning our share of games and, although fiddling around the cellar, had a shot at eighth or seventh place—and I was going crazy at the plate. My average when I rejoined Kansas City in early June was .203. By mid-August I was hitting .273, which meant that I had hit .305 in the 2½ months since leaving Washington.

I did have one problem. Charlie Finley continued to take money out of my salary. I don't really know how much I still owed him—maybe five or six thousand—and he took huge bites from my biweekly check. It got so bad that I found myself working at half pay. On the 1st and 15th of the month Finley was milking me dry. Sometimes I got as little as $150 and had to call my mama for financial help. Alvin finally went to Finley and begged him to let me keep what I was earning.

"The kid's going great guns," Alvin said. "You'll probably be giving him a big raise anyhow. Why can't you let him alone for now?"

But Finley refused. I guess he felt I had to make up for the money he still hadn't collected. There was one other little cloud on the horizon. Alvin and Finley weren't getting along too well. They continued to argue over little things, just as they had before, and I got the idea that Charlie was getting ready to change managers again. Alvin was finishing his second season, and Charlie rarely kept anyone around that long.

The blowup, however, came in the strangest way. It started with an airplane ride from Boston to Kansas City on Aug. 3 at the end of a long road trip. There is no use recounting all the details of that celebrated flight now, except to say that nobody on the team did anything wrong. No player got drunk. There was no yelling back and forth, no monkeying around with the stewardesses, no unsolicited conversation with other passengers, nothing that anyone had to be ashamed of. It appeared to be just a routine flight. None of us staggered off the plane in Kansas City and none of the wives who met the plane thought anyone acted unusual. But, as we prepared to leave for Washington on Aug. 15, Alvin said, "We're not going to have any drinks on the flight." He didn't explain why and nobody asked. We often flew on planes where no liquor was served.

But when we reached Washington we were stunned to learn that Finley had suspended Lew Krausse and fined him $500 for "being drunk and disorderly" on the Aug. 3 flight. Why Finley waited so long or why he picked on Krausse is something I'll never know. If I ever heard of a hum rap, that was it. I knew Krausse hadn't had more than two drinks because he sat right in front of me for the entire flight. And he certainly was neither drunk nor disorderly.

Krausse's punishment for whatever it was Finley thought he had done was only the first of a series of Finley bombshells. When we arrived at the stadium, Pitcher Jack Aker, the team's player representative, who had sat next to me on the Boston trip, called a locker room meeting and told us Finley had ordered him to read us a statement that said in part:

"Effective immediately and for the balance of the season, alcoholic drinks will no longer be served on commercial airlines to members of the Kansas City Athletics.

"The Kansas City Athletics will no longer tolerate the 'shenanigans' of a very few individuals who obviously do not appreciate the privilege of playing in the major leagues and being treated like gentlemen. . .

"Sincerely,
"Charles O. Finley."

continued

We immediately decided that Aker should call Finley back and demand that he keep the statement out of the papers and retract the obvious implication that we were a bunch of drunks who didn't know how to behave in public. But when Jack phoned Finley it was too late. Charlie had already released the statement and, in fact, it was all over the Washington sports pages that night.

The next day, after several meetings in various guys' rooms, we drew up a statement of our own. Aker wrote most of it, but half a dozen others, including me, helped. The important paragraph read:

"The overwhelming opinion of the players is that the entire matter was blown out of proportion. Mr. Finley's policy of using certain unauthorized personnel in his organization as go-betweens has led to similar misunderstandings in the past and has tended to undermine the morale of the club. We players feel that if Mr. Finley would give his fine coaching staff and excellent manager the authority they deserve, these problems would not exist."

Every player except Rick Monday, who was on duty with the Marine Corps, signed the statement. A couple of us, including Aker and me, took it up to Alvin Dark's room, let him read it and told him we were releasing it to the press. He grinned and said, "If you do, you're going to get me fired. But if that's what you guys want to do, go right ahead."

There was hell to pay when the statement came out. Finley phoned Aker and demanded a retraction. Aker polled the club and we voted unanimously to stick by the statement. Finley then flew to Washington and, during the night, fired, hired and refired Alvin. That day's game was rained out. While we waited in the clubhouse, Alvin dropped in to say goodby. The scene was emotional. His eyes filled with tears and so did ours.

Before we left Washington, half a dozen newspapermen came in to get our reactions to what had happened. I was in a fog—really so shook I shouldn't have said anything. There were tears in my eyes. I could hardly talk, and all these guys were crowding around asking for public statements from the ballplayers. When a writer came to me, all I could think of was what Finley had done, not only to Alvin, but to the whole club. Because of something that never happened on an airplane trip nearly three weeks before, he had made a fool of himself, a scapegoat of Krausse, alleged drunks out of all of us and an apparently ineffectual manager out of Dark.

"The only thing I know," I said, "is that Charlie Finley's actions of the last few days have been bad for baseball. I think they have been detrimental to the game."

That night, listening to a sports broadcast, I heard, "How's this for a quote from an employee about the boss who pays his salary? After Finley fired Dark, First Baseman Ken Harrelson of the Kansas City Athletics said that Finley was a menace to baseball."

I was scared to death. I *knew* I hadn't called Finley a menace but I realized how the guy interviewing me could have said I had.

I wasn't afraid of what Charlie could do to hurt me. I simply knew that the minute that quote got to him he'd raise a justifiable stink. He sure did.

The next morning early I got a call.

"Kenny, this is Charlie," Finley said. "Did you make those statements in the papers?"

"I didn't call you a menace. I did say everything else."

"Kenny, I've done you a lot of favors."

"You hurt me a few times, too," I said.

"I've been good to you," Finley said. "Now I want you to write a public retraction and give it to the papers."

I said, "Charlie, I'll be glad to retract the word 'menace,' but I won't retract anything else."

Finley blew his stack. For about five minutes he screamed into the phone, yammering so fast he was incoherent. When he calmed down he said, "Kenny, I'm going to send you down to Birmingham."

"No, you're not," I said. "You're not going to send me to Birmingham. You can't send me out of this league."

"I'm going to try," he said. "I'm going to suspend you."

"That's up to you," I said.

"What do you want?" he demanded, his voice rising again. "You want your release?"

"No, Charlie, I don't want my release," I said. "If you give me my release I might have trouble getting another job."

I mean to tell you, I meant it.

"I'll call you back in half an hour," Finley said.

Fifteen or 20 minutes went by, then the phone rang again.

Finley's voice was hard and he talked as if he were reciting a legal paper.

"As of this moment," he said, "you have your unconditional release from the Kansas City Athletics. As of this moment you are no longer a member of the Kansas City Athletics."

Then he hung up.

I was stunned. I just couldn't believe my ears. I had been fired—me, the second best hitter in the league, thrown out like a piece of trash. Yet, it began to dawn on me, this should be good—this should be great—this should be wonderful! I was free to sell myself to the highest bidder. But I didn't feel good or great or wonderful. I was scared—scared to death. I stretched and rubbed my eyes, trying to clear my head. *Of course,* I thought, *Finley's going to get me blacklisted. No team in baseball will take me after this. Who wants a ballplayer who calls his owner a detriment?*

My doubts lasted about half an hour, which is when I got my first of many calls from general managers. This one was from Eddie Short of the Chicago White Sox, who were in a death struggle for the pennant with the Detroit Tigers, the Minnesota Twins and the Boston Red Sox. He said, "We'd like to have you in Chicago. What do you think about money?" I was afraid to tell him. If I said $100,000 and he took it, I'd kick myself for not having asked twice as much. But what if he came back with something less? Should I stall? Will I get an offer from somebody else?

I stalled. In almost no time I had heard from Minnesota, Boston, Detroit and Baltimore. I also heard from Luke Appling, the A's new manager, who called me into his office.

"Hawk, sit down," he said. "Now just relax. Charlie didn't mean to fire you. You know how he is—he lost his head this morning. He wants you back. I want you back. We all want you back."

"If Charlie wanted me back, he'd have called and asked me," I said. "And maybe I'd have gone back. But instead of calling me he called the commissioner's office and put me on the irrevocable waiver list."

"You can take yourself off," Appling

said. "I'm sure Charlie would make it worth your while."

"Luke," I said, "there's no way now that I'm coming back to play for this man. I don't care what he might offer. I wouldn't take it."

"We've got a good ball club, Hawk. It's a great young club. It's not too many years away from a pennant. These guys are your friends. They love you and you love them."

"And I hate to leave them," I said. "But I will not play ball for Charlie Finley."

I decided to call Al Dark for advice. When I located him in Washington, he said, "Hawk, you're in the best position of anyone in the whole history of baseball. As a free agent in the prime of your career you'll collect a fortune. Before this thing is over it could run up to a quarter of a million dollars, but I don't think you should let it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you'll antagonize people. You can play one club against another just so far, but no farther. Don't shortchange yourself, but don't be greedy. Any way you look at it, you're going to get a lot of money. How many clubs have contacted you?"

"Most of the American League teams, I guess," I said. "I'm meeting Haywood Sullivan of the Red Sox at the airport in a little while."

"A nice guy and a fine organization," Alvin said. "They've got a good young ball club, with a chance to win the pennant. I'd like to see you with them."

"I still don't know what kind of money to ask," I said.

"See what they offer," Alvin said. "That will give you something to work on when you talk to the others."

Boston offered $88,000 as a starter, but in the meantime Paul Richards of the Atlanta Braves called. He's a close friend and one of my favorite golfing companions. Besides, in Atlanta I'd practically be at home and I like the ball park there. The more I thought about it, the better the idea seemed.

Paul offered me a package deal of $112,000. That was all I wanted to hear, but I couldn't take it on the spot. I had to talk to all those other guys first. I'd call them, thank them, tell them I was committed to another club and pack my golf clubs and go.

Except I had one little nagging doubt. The Red Sox were the most attractive team in baseball. Their owner, Tom Yawkey, was famous for his kindness and generosity to his ballplayers. Their general manager, Dick O'Connell, had done a fantastic job rebuilding them in only a couple of years. Their manager, Dick Williams, was tough, but a winner. They were in the heat of this pennant race and would be in the heat of plenty of others in the years to come. And Boston was a good town.

I phoned Haywood Sullivan in Boston and said, "Sully, I got an offer I like and I think I'm going with this ball club."

"Don't commit yourself," he said. "We want you in Boston."

"Well, the offer's real good. More than $100,000."

"Look, Hawk," Sullivan said. "Just because we made you one offer doesn't mean that we can't make you another. The figure doesn't scare us, and we want you here."

"I don't like to bargain, Sully," I said. "I suppose that's not good business but I don't want to play one club against another. Besides, I really have made up my mind."

"Well . . ." Sullivan paused. Then he asked, "Is it an American League club?"

"It's in the National League," I said.

"Well . . .," he said, his voice relaxed, "that's fine, Hawk. I'm sorry we'll lose you, but if you've made up your mind I guess there isn't much we can do."

That eliminated the last of my doubts about Atlanta, so I phoned Richards and accepted his offer.

"Fine," he said. "Come on down tomorrow and we'll hit a few golf balls."

That night I got a call from Dick O'Connell.

"Kenny," he said, "we've got to have you here in Boston."

"I'd love to go to Boston, Mr. O'Connell. But I have made a definite commitment to another club."

"You don't understand, Kenny. *We've got to have you here.* Haywood Sullivan tells me they offered you $112,000."

"That's right," I said. "It seems an awful lot of money to me."

"How much will it take for us to get you up here?"

What the hell is the matter with me? I thought. *Since when am I so finicky about money? Here this guy is begging me to name my own figure to go to maybe the best organization in baseball in one of the best towns with a million opportunities to make money on the outside, and I'm playing hard to get.*

"A lot more than I'm getting," I said.

"Exactly how much?"

I took a deep breath and said, "$150,000."

"You've got it," O'Connell said.

If I had said $200,000, he'd have said, "You've got it." Maybe he'd have agreed if I had said a quarter of a million.

We talked a few more minutes, then I called Paul Richards, thanking my stars that he was a good friend who wouldn't resent my backing out.

"Look, Paul," I said. "I just got an offer of 150 grand from Boston."

And Paul said to me, "Oh, gosh, Hawk. . ."

"I made a commitment to you," I said. "If you want me to keep it, I'll come down there without any hard feelings."

"Hawk, I know the shape you're in financially," Richards said. "I can't offer you that kind of money, and it's too much for you to turn down. You go ahead and take it."

"Sorry about the golf game," I said. "We'll play some other time."

So the next day, instead of going to Atlanta to play golf with Paul Richards, I went to Boston to play baseball with the Red Sox.

When I first joined the Red Sox in late August, I thought of the change only in technical baseball terms. But the Red Sox weren't just the Boston Red Sox. They were the New England Red Sox, with fans all the way from the Maritime Provinces of Canada to Hartford, Conn. I hadn't played before sellout crowds more than half a dozen times in my life. Now I played before them almost every day. It was exciting and so was the pennant race, with four teams in it right up to the last week. I felt the pressure and was pretty nervous all through that crazy stretch drive, but I loved every minute of it. And Boston made me. In Kansas City I was Harrelson the first baseman who sometimes went on batting sprees, wore long hair and unconventional clothes. The thing was, the only people who knew or gave

continued

a hoot were in Kansas City. Suddenly I had charisma and I didn't even know what that meant. But after eight months in Boston I did. In Boston I had made it as a commodity, the "Hawk."

To tell the truth, though, I tried too hard in those last weeks of the '67 season. In 23 games I drove in 14 runs, almost all in big games, but the rest—particularly Carl Yastrzemski—were really winning the pennant for Boston.

I had a poor Series, getting only one hit in four games, and my future with the Red Sox in 1968 was very doubtful. It remained so through the '68 spring training season. I didn't start the season in right, but soon I was playing there regularly. Then I started hammering the ball again. I hit home runs, I drove in runs in bunches, I hit for average, I did it all. I was having the time of my life, both on and off the field. And learning—learning new things about baseball and about myself simply through the things that happened almost every day. I talked more baseball than I ever had before and with more people who knew more than I did. That's why I'll never forget 1968. The only bad thing about it was that we didn't win the pennant.

I had the world by the ears. Offers came pouring in—for business opportunities, for television shows, for appearances here, there and everywhere. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. Now I had to have some expert help. I couldn't tell the difference between a legitimate deal and a phony one. I finally went to Yastrzemski. He was the only guy on the Red Sox who had been through anything like this.

"Look," I said, "what do I do about all those offers I'm getting?"

"Call Bob Woolf," he said.

Signing up with Bob Woolf was the smartest thing I ever did. Woolf put me on an allowance, invested my money in numerous Boston and national enterprises and made me something of a Boston institution.

I had a ball through the winter of 1968-69. As the American League Player of the Year and the league's RBI leader, I was showered with attention wherever I went. The city of Savannah had a wonderful Hawk Harrelson Day, with honors for my mama, parades and golf and parties and all sorts of other things. I had so many offers that even Woolf went nuts sorting them out. I was richer, happier, busier than I had ever been. The thought of ever leaving Boston never crossed my mind. Then on Saturday, April 19, Alvin Dark, now managing the Indians, phoned. He was all excited, happy as could be.

"Welcome, Hawk," he said. "Boy, am I glad to have you!"

"What are you talking about?" I said.

"You mean you didn't know?"

"Didn't know what?"

"You're with us now," Alvin said. "The Red Sox just traded you to Cleveland."

For maybe 10 seconds I sat in front of my bar, the telephone in my hand, my mind a blank, my throat so tight I couldn't say a word. Finally I said, "Alvin—please—let me talk to you later."

After I hung up I put a call through to Dick O'Connell.

"Is it true?"

"Yes, Hawk," he said. "It's true. I tried to call you but your line was busy."

"What was the deal?"

"You, Ellsworth and Pizarro for Siebert, Azcue and Romo."

"Can I see you, Dick?"

"Come on down," he said.

Shook as I was driving to Fenway Park, I realized it looked like a good deal for the Red Sox. But how could they trade me? The most popular guy on the team. The most colorful guy in baseball. American League Player of the Year. And now I was gone.

In a daze I walked into O'Connell's office. "They needed hitting, we needed pitching," he said.

So shook I hardly knew what I was doing, I called Woolf.

"Let's think about it," he said.

"I want a press conference tomorrow," I said. "I'm not going to play in Cleveland."

"O.K.," he said. "Even if you don't quit, a press conference won't hurt, I suppose. But you've got to sleep on this."

I did. The next day Woolf came to my pad in Boston and said, "All right, we've got it doped out. I don't advise it"—he was looking hard at me—"because I think you'd be crazy to retire, but you can afford to. I hope you've changed your mind about it."

"Well, I haven't" I said. "I'm quitting. Why shouldn't I? My heart's in Boston, my business interests are there, everything that means the least thing to me is there. I can't leave the town."

"And you can't quit playing ball either," Woolf said. "Even though you can afford it, you'll be an emotional wreck if you quit now. It's only April. There's a whole season to go. You can't sit through it without going nuts."

"Bobby, I'm going to retire. If I can't play for the Red Sox I don't want to play for anyone."

Ironically, we were playing Cleveland that day. Before the game I walked under the stands to the visiting team's locker room to see Dark. The Cleveland players were great; they crowded around to shake hands and tell me how glad they were I was with them. When we reached Alvin's office, he said, "Man, am I glad to see you! You can mean a pennant for us."

"Alvin," I said, "you're my best friend in baseball. I'd rather play for you than anyone. But I've got to explain this to you personally. I don't want you to get it from anyone else. I'm going to retire."

He stared and said, "Retire? At 27? With your best years ahead of you? Hawk, are you out of your mind?"

"No. I can afford to retire," I said. "Here. Bobby will tell you."

When Woolf had explained all the things I had going for me in Boston, Alvin said, "Hawk, I never realized this because I've never seen anything like it before. It never happened to me or to any other ballplayer I've ever heard of. I hate to see it happen but I guess you could retire if you wanted to."

At the press conference Woolf made the formal announcement of my retirement. He explained all my enterprises and an agreement I had with Boston that my salary would be guaranteed for three years. Then I said I didn't blame anyone, that this was part of baseball, that I still loved the Red Sox, that I loved the Indians, that I wasn't bitter or anything, but that I just couldn't leave Boston.

Someone asked Woolf, "Would the Hawk go to Cleveland if the Indians made up his losses in leaving Boston?"

"I don't know," Bobby said.

"That's not why I'm retiring," I said. "I'm not looking for anything from Cleveland. I have to play in Boston or I can't play anywhere."

"What happens to the deal?"

"I don't know," I said.

I was worried, unhappy, scared, hurt I really didn't know what would happen to the deal As soon as my retirement announcement came out, the Indians and the Red Sox agreed to freeze all the players involved until the situation was resolved That meant five other guys—Siebert, Romo, Azcue, Ellsworth and Pizarro—couldn't play, even though all were in their new uniforms

The next day I had a call from Gabe Paul, president of the Indians He asked me to come to New York for a meeting at "21" Woolf and I went and met Gabe in the upstairs dining room He was alone in a corner booth

We talked for a long time about everything but me basketball, Bobby's clients, our steaks, oldtime ballplayers, Gabe's career as a baseball executive (He started as a shoeshine boy at the ball park in Rochester, N Y , where he grew up)

Gabe finally got around to the point "Come to Cleveland, Hawk," he said "Don't wreck this trade You love baseball Look how you'll hurt it if you don't play Five other ballplayers, two ball clubs, a major trade hang on your decision to play or not to play This situation has got to be resolved and you're the only one who can do it "

Bobby spent a long time showing Paul what *it meant to me* in dollars and cents to leave Boston As Paul listened, then suggested nothing new, I started to get annoyed All he said was he had never heard of a situation like this before and that I couldn't retire You'd think that the whole structure of baseball was at stake We didn't get anything resolved except the dinner check, which Paul paid Woolf and I took a 2 a m plane back to Boston

Tuesday morning when Woolf walked into his office at 10 there was a message to call Bowie Kuhn, the new baseball commissioner Kuhn asked if he and I would come to his office for a meeting

"Nuts" I said "I don't want to talk to anybody I've retired and I'm going to stay retired I'm not going to New York or anywhere else "

"Hawk," Bobby said, "the commissioner has asked us to meet him, and we're going to give him that courtesy "

I finally said, "O K " but I griped all the way to New York

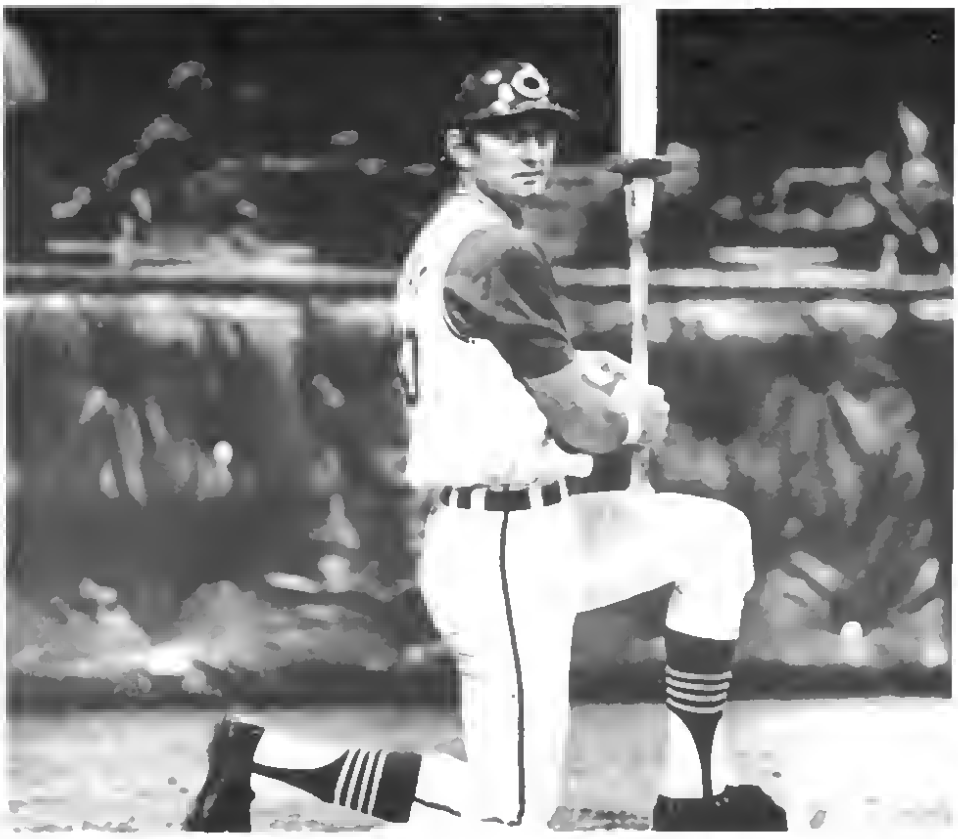
In New York we went to the commissioner's private office Spacious,

continued



Flanked by Gabe Paul and Bowie Kuhn, a happy Hawk says he will join Indians after all

But not all is roses in Cleveland, where Hawk's swing was looked last in on-deck circle



beautifully furnished, it was a pretty awesome sight for a mere ballplayer. The five men in the room represented the top brass of baseball and of two major league clubs. There was the commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, dark-haired, impeccably dressed, towering over everyone. There was Joe Cronin, the American League president, fat, friendly, hail-fellow-well-met, who might be nearly as tall as Kuhn but doesn't look it because he is almost as broad as he is long. There was Dick O'Connell, the Red Sox general manager, thin, intense, with sparse gray hair and a solemn look on his face. There was Gabe Paul, short, a bit heavyset, with wavy salt-and-pepper hair, smiling in a worried sort of way. And there was Charlie Segar, veteran assistant to baseball commissioners since Ford Frick's time

We shook hands all around, then the commissioner invited us to take seats while he settled himself behind his desk in one corner of the room. I sat on a chair directly in front of but several feet away from the desk, with Paul on my left and O'Connell on my right. Segar, who didn't utter a word throughout the meeting, sat behind us. Woolf and Cronin were on a divan to the left of the desk.

Once we were all in place, Woolf was the first to speak. While emphasizing that I could afford to retire and seemed to prefer retirement to leaving Boston, he pointed out that I was really a pretty mixed up guy at the moment. I was too hurt, too angry, too shocked, too upset to think straight. "Gentlemen," he said, "this man has taken a terrible emotional beating—is still taking one. As his friend I'm highly aware of this. And as his attorney I am compelled to ask you this—must he take an economic beating, too?"

For a moment nobody spoke. Then the commissioner, the only attorney in the room besides Woolf, looked around, his eyes resting for a moment on each of us, and said, "There must be a mutually satisfactory solution to this problem. We're going to find it if we have to stay here until 2 in the morning."

That was one of the few things Mr. Kuhn said all the time we were there, but it set the tone of the meeting

As the talk progressed it was apparent to everyone that this was a special case—such as had never come up in baseball before and might never come up again. Eventually, Woolf convinced me that I had an obligation to baseball that I couldn't ignore The game had been good to me. I owed everything I had to it The Indians were willing to give me a new contract through 1970.

When we left the office Gabe Paul made the announcement.

"Ken Harrelson will be in Cleveland tomorrow and, weather permitting, will be in uniform when we play the Yankees tomorrow night."

The next morning I phoned Duke Sims, the Indians' catcher and one of my oldest friends in baseball, and asked him to meet me at the Cleveland airport, where I was due at 1 in the afternoon It was a miserable day—cold, raining, dark—and I really didn't expect to see anyone but Duke and perhaps a couple of newspapermen who knew when I was coming.

But I got the red carpet—complete with TV and radio greetings and maybe 1,000 people yelling, "Hawk . . . Hawk . . . Hawk . . ." While they gave me the V for victory sign and boxers' handclasp, a beautiful blonde in a miniskirt—she must have been freezing—kissed me while handing me a dozen roses. She represented station WIXY, which has a huge listening audience of young mods—my kind of people. I got a big kick out of the size of the crowd. Man, those people must have really wanted to see me to come out in that kind of weather.

The newspapers had me all over Page One, right along with the really important news of the world. At the ball park, where the game against the Yankees had been postponed, they showed me my new uniform. While the Red Sox use only numbers on the backs of their ballplayers, the Indians use names, too. When I saw that mine read "Harrelson, 40," I asked them to change it to "Hawk, 40," making me the only guy in the majors carrying a nickname on his back.

I knew Cleveland pretty well from my many trips there as a visiting ballplayer, but this was different. Now, suddenly, I was a local celebrity, a Cleveland boy known all over the country. One Ohio newspaper described me as a national "household word." Man, I want to tell you being a household word is a pleasure Being wanted, being sought after, being recognized, being cheered right on the street—that's really living. I loved every minute of it, just as any ham would. And the longer I stayed in town, the more I loved it.

I moved into a motel while waiting for my own pad to be fixed up. That was being handled by Vernon Stouffer, chairman of the board and chief stockholder of the Indians. He and I got along fine from the moment we met. Through him I got a top-floor apartment in Winton Place, swanky, new and gorgeous. Mr. Stouffer lives there himself, so you can see the kind of address it is—best in Cleveland, in fact. It has a helicopter landing pad on the roof, and Mr Stouffer told me I could use the helicopter for transportation to the ball park any time I wanted to.

Cleveland people already had some business deals cooking for me Mr. Stouffer invited Bob Woolf to go there and help advise in setting them up. Al Rosen, the former Indian star, now a big man in Cleveland financial circles, will help do some of the organizing Besides investments, I may have several business interests in town, including, among other possibilities, a Harrelson's of Cleveland clothing store, a Hawk's Nest night spot and some Hawk Shops similar to those we are planning in Boston.

There were other compensations for leaving Boston. Gabe Paul made me feel right at home Alvin Dark was my manager again The club assigned a young guy named Bruce Elgin to help take care of my affairs at the ball park and a secretary to answer mail that streamed in every day. The Cleveland fans continued to be marvelous, even though my hitting fell off pretty badly after a fast start. I still couldn't walk along the street or drive in a car or be in any public place outside the stadium without hearing my name called or being asked for my autograph Somebody even wrote a poem about me and somebody else a song. And, just so I wouldn't get homesick, Wendell, my Brookline houseboy, came to Cleveland to be with me.

Don't get me wrong—I still think Boston is great I love the town, keep my pad there and expect to continue to live there in the off season. But Cleveland isn't going to be so bad either.

I can still look in mirrors there, just as in Boston or anywhere else. And I can still say, "You handsome sonofagun, don't you ever die!" END


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PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. TANUMA

let's hear it for boru!

Swinging lanterns and carrying flags, fans and even portable shrines, the cheerleaders come to the annual mid-summer Inter-City Baseball Tournament at Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium. In mini-skirts and summertime kimonos, happi coats and flowered hats, they pirouette atop dugouts and act out the often-sad legends of Old Japan. For 10 days Korakuen, which to the Japanese fan has the sort of aura that once enveloped Yankee Stadium in the U.S., is turned into a festival of color and highly organized hurrahing as some 30 teams representing cities and industrial organizations from across the country compete for both a baseball and a cheering championship. Telephone companies, sake makers and fertilizer manufacturers are represented, and at last year's tourney the rooters for good old Nippon Oil Company of Yokohama arrived in red caps that could be taken off and used as megaphones to cheer on their team.

This tournament is only one of many in Japan, where interest in baseball is so widespread that it has caused Walter O'Malley to suggest that before very long a Japanese team will be playing in our major leagues. O'Malley, whose Los Angeles Dodgers have played the Eastern circuit, witnessed at firsthand thousands of people pouring out of the factories and offices at lunchtime to swing a bat on rooftop playgrounds or play pitch-and-catch on the sidewalks of Tokyo, Osaka and even industrial Sapporo, 340 miles from the Russian shore. The first pro ball game was not even played until 1934, yet Tokyo's Yomiuri Giants have drawn more than two million people to Korakuen Stadium in each of the last five seasons, a feat accomplished in this country only by the Yankees at the end of World War II and Los Angeles in the heyday of Sandy Koufax, Maury Wills and Don Drysdale.

The cry of *puray boru* ("play ball") is heard constantly in the land, and by 8 each morning thousands of games are in progress. Spring and summer high school championships are broadcast on national television and the big-time university rivalries draw huge crowds. It has often been said—mostly by Americans—that the Japanese are too small to compete against clubs in the United States, but the winner of the last two Little League World Series at Williamsport, Pa. was a Japanese team. This may presage a trend. Although they have played the game for almost 100 years, the Japanese were not very good until U.S. major-leaguers began visiting their country on goodwill tours. These ended in some terrible mismatches—between the '30s and 1955 four different All-Star teams plus the New York Giants and Yankees ran up a record of 84-3—but the Americans greatly increased local interest and, incidentally, taught their hosts the subtleties of the game.

During the last three tours Japan's record against the Detroit Tigers, Los Angeles Dodgers and St. Louis Cardinals was a more respectable 17-34, and the old criticisms that the Japanese were too timid on the base paths and at bat and too weak to throw strongly from the outfield were beginning to evaporate like heavy morning mists. The Japanese excel in pitching. Masanori Murakami had an earned run average of 1.80 when he worked for the San Francisco Giants in 1964. Japanese fielders also have arms now, and the only reason why Sadaharu Oh, who hit 49 home runs last year, is not a star in the U.S. is that with his annual income—$100,000—he cannot afford to play in this country. The level of play has become so high, in fact, that the day of American imports is beginning to pass. The Yomiuri Giants, winners of 15 pennants in 18 years, have never used an American.

If there is still a noticeable weakness, it is in the managing. It is not uncommon, for instance, for a manager to call on his star pitcher every day. No doubt that shortcoming will be overcome, too. Currently, Japanese officials are anxious to begin a true World Series, with the winner in this country meeting Japan's No. 1 team. Even though there are many complications to be resolved, there may well be inter-majors games in the coming supersonic age. But cheerleaders? Well, why not? The American game could use a little Eastern ginger. —WILLIAM LEGGETT





cheer, cheer for old Kogyo-u le a sprightly medley of East and West in Korakuen Stadium, home of the Tokyo Giants. Sporting such familiar American trappings as V-neck sweaters, mini-tunics and boaters, teams mount dugout roofs to beat a traditional drum, imitate a sumo wrestler and float like butterflies before big, gaily coiffed crowds.












日本

happi handclapping is generated in the stands as National Railways of Morioka stages a late rally worthy of the kimonos and flowered hats worn by rooters during a night game in last year's tournament at brightly lit Korakuan.

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STYLES VARY FROM OPEN-MOUTHED WONDER TO COILED CONTORTION. MURRO IS ASTONISHED WHILE KINNUNEN IS ABOUT TO BURST

THEY'RE ALL OUT TO LAUNCH

Unsung and virtually unflung, the javelin is a UFO to most U.S. track fans but a spear of beauty to those who throw it. Now, however, Arizona State has a world-record prospect

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

Only the most wildly patriotic of Americans might grieve, and even they but briefly, to learn that the world's premier javelin throwers come not from the U.S. but from the farthest reaches of northern and eastern Europe. Such are the disparities between Old World and new that if you utter the word javelin to a schoolboy in, say, Finland or Poland, it summons up images of something soaring through the air, bringing fame and honor to the person who launches it. Try the same word on an American schoolboy and it calls to mind something that coaxes 15 miles out of a gallon of gasoline and brings profits and salvation to American Motors.

Among sports attractions in this country, the javelin is regarded as a mere curiosity and the art of propelling it as a rather dubious skill whose practitioners rank along with locker-room thieves as track and field's leading outcasts. To a people who customarily think of throwing as part of some grander whole, as in baseball or football, throwing for throwing's sake seems like some sort of profligate self-indulgence. And throwing an 8½-foot pole is an event even some track coaches wouldn't touch with, well, an 8½-foot pole.

The ignominy in which the sport is held is a pity because javelin throwing at its best achieves poetic dimensions, a creative act that is at once furious, in the violent action of the throw, and calm, in the graceful pattern of the flight. In the annals of athletic prowess there are few feats any more impressive than the 304-1½" pending world-record heave of Finland's Jorma Kinnunen, made last month in Tampere, Finland, an end-zone-to-end-zone distance with a projectile twice as heavy as the football that pro quarterbacks strain to throw half as far.

The lack of public appreciation in this country is doubly unfortunate since the U.S. has, against all odds, produced a fair share of outstanding throwers to challenge Kinnunen, more than 20 of whom have already bettered 250 feet so far this year. And their ranks would doubtlessly be far greater but for the fact that javelin competition at the high school level, where athletic ability is ordinarily shaped, exists in only 19 states.

Acceptance lags farthest behind in the Midwest, with only Kansas and North Dakota holding high school competition in Indiana, says Herman Keller, the assistant commissioner of the state's high school athletic association, "most of our youngsters probably don't even know what a javelin looks like." The event fares little better at Midwest colleges, having been omitted from Big Ten track meets since 1941. One of the few javelin powers in the area is Ohio University at Athens, which began recruiting throwers from Eastern high schools a few years ago, an inspired stroke of opportunism, confesses Coach Stan Huntsman, that has "enabled us to capitalize on the lack of competition and pick up quite a few extra points in meets."

The reason for the javelin's neglect, of course, is that it is a potentially dangerous implement that can leave spec-



COVELLI FINISHES WITH AN AIR OF PITIFUL ENTREATY AS SKINNER—LIKE KINNUNEN—ACHIEVES LOOK OF AGONIZED DETERMINATION

tators, officials and athletes alike distressingly *en brochette*. The discus and shot wreak their havoc, too, but there is something about the javelin, with that menacing spearpoint, that brings out the Ralph Nader in people. U.S. educators and coaches often find it easier to ignore the event, rather than provide the supervision and safety education necessary for reducing the dangers as the Europeans try to do. Even where it is held, complains Frank Covelli, one of the best U.S. throwers, "The coach tells you, 'Get out of here with that thing. Go practice on the other field.' "

Such high-handed treatment should by rights make a fellow feel rejected, but javelin throwers as a breed apparently find ample compensation in being allowed into track meets free. Like the loneliest of long-distance runners, they seem to be governed by a steadfast, even stubborn, nature. For example, Covelli, who grew up in California, a state without high school javelin competition, took up the sport upon joining the Air Force at age 21 ("It just felt comfortable to me"), later threw the javelin at Arizona State and continues to compete today despite a full-time job as an engineer for McDonnell Douglas Aircraft. "There's quite an apprenticeship in the javelin," Covelli says. "But once you put it all together, you've got something. It's not like being a sprinter, where any kid can come along and beat you just as long as he's fast."

It is a matter of considerable pride among javelin throwers that brute strength alone counts for far less in their specialty, and proper technique for considerably more, than in any of the other throwing events. The trick is to tailor the throwing style to one's own specifications. With the lithe and rangy Covelli that means a fluid, unhurried delivery that seems to draw more impetus from the cerebrum than the sinews. In the case of Russia's Janis Lusis, a compact well-conditioned athlete who held the world record until Kinnunen broke it and who outdistanced the Finn for the gold medal at last year's Olympics, it means a style that is forceful and efficient, characterized by a pistonlike delivery and little in the way of wasted motion.

Kinnunen, the most accomplished technician of all, stands only 5' 9", weighs 165 pounds and is revered by his countrymen as the Little Giant. He compensates for his lack of size with a rhythmic, flawlessly coordinated throwing style in the best tradition of Finnish javelin men. Competing in the U.S. last May, Kinnunen won the javelin at the Modesto Relays, edging out Tennessee's Bill Skinner, who at 6' 6" has long arms that give his throwing motion the leverage of a Roman catapult.

"If I had Skinner's size," said Kinnunen, "I'd throw 330 feet."

"Give me Kinnunen's technique," countered Skinner, "and so would I."

All that talk of technique, though, fails to fully account for the phenomenon of Mark Murro, a beefy (6', 224 pounds) Arizona State junior who was an also-ran at Mexico City (finishing ninth, tops among U.S. entrants), but who is fast emerging as one of the best, and certainly one of the strongest, javelin throwers in history. Last May at the Western Athletic Conference Championships at Tempe, Ariz., Murro set a new American record with a throw of 292' 8", 17' 1" over his career best and eight feet farther than Covelli's former U.S. mark.

In an event where it supposedly takes age to ripen properly—Covelli is 33, Lusis 30, Skinner 30 and Kinnunen 28—Murro is all of 20 years old. In a discipline whose leading exponents talk sagely about the "modulus of elasticity" and "angle of incidence" and all manner of aerodynamic theories and principles, Murro is very much the innocent. "I don't really know what I'm doing," he says. "My feet wind up pointing the wrong way and I'm never sure whether my arm is up or down. I just go out there and throw."

Let it be said, first off, that Murro's technique is not quite as hopeless as he

continued

makes it sound. Beyond that, he has the mobility of a much smaller man and the power of a much larger one, qualifying him as one of those extraordinary physical specimens, Raquel Welch being another, that come along now and again to remind us that nature does not always dispense her gifts evenly. "Mark has tremendous strength and desire," says Arizona State's track coach, Senon (Baldy) Castillo, who also coached Covelli. "I wouldn't want him to experiment too much with different techniques. It might throw him off."

Murro hurls the javelin with all the authority of Odd-Job coughing his way through the disintegrating neighborhood. Churning down the 35-yard runway, the spear at ear level in his uplifted right hand, Murro drops his arm behind him and then, the momentum surging through his body and into the shoulder, whips the arm smartly forward. There is a loud and explosive grunt, a thunderclap to accompany the lightning bolt that he unleashes.

"I like to see it floating out there, climbing and gliding," says Murro. "I think it's cool to watch. The only thing is, I sometimes wish I could be in the stands watching my throws from the side."

If the javelin can inflame the sensibilities of a youth like Murro, imagine how it can affect an older, more sophisticated javelineer like Dr. Steve Seymour, who describes himself as the "father of American javelin throwing, inventor of the modern throwing style, and the most knowledgeable student, teacher, coach and researcher of the javelin in the country."

A Los Angeles physician who tools about town in a Bermuda-orange Porsche, the 48-year-old Seymour was an outstanding javelin man in his day, which he happens to believe has a few hours yet to run. He is a physical fitness enthusiast who endlessly devises new exercises for developing what he calls, with an Aristotelian flourish, "the total body." One recent improvisation had him ardently bouncing a 12-pound shot off a telephone pole and catching it with both hands, an exercise calculated to arouse all sorts of arm and shoulder muscles, to say nothing of Pacific Telephone.

"One mustn't think of the javelin as a minor sport like curling or anything," Dr. Seymour says. "The javelin represents the glory of Greece and it symbolizes man's search for his primitive ancestral identity. I can blink my eyes and look out at a javelin thrower and see tens of thousands of warriors marching across the field and I can hear the voices of antiquity. No, the javelin isn't some minor sport. It is classic. It is beauty. It is excellence. It is *immortality*."

"The javelin is as old as the gladiators and also as modern as Cape Kennedy. The human body is the launching pad and booster and all that, and only the rocket has changed over the years. The inspiration to send the rocket skyward—even that's still the same. And the javelin remains the last line of defense. Think of Janis Lusis and Mark Murro. Now they throw in the same direction. After the destruction of an atomic war, just picture the two of them facing each other, two men alone on the field of battle, the ultimate confrontation."

The javelin and similar implements, spears, lances or whatever, have indeed played a central role in human history, but the warriors and hunters in earliest times strove for accuracy rather than distance. As the nature of weaponry changed, javelin-type devices became less important. The track event most suitable for defense against the evils lurking on the typical city street today is not the javelin but the 100-yard dash.

As for athletic uses, the javelin was part of the pentathlon in the ancient Olympics and it bears a kinship to the lances used in medieval jousting. Javelin competition for distance gained popularity in central Europe in the mid-19th century and then in Scandinavia, and it was fashionable for a time to throw with alternate hands, the competitor with the greatest total distance winning. In 1917 a Swedish thrower achieved a mark of 374' 11¼"—202' 9½" with the right hand and 172' 1¾" with the left—a world record that has suffered the indignity of enduring simply because nobody has bothered to break it.

The role played in this pageant by Steve Seymour, the father of American javelin throwing, etc., is that of historical precursor. For nearly two decades, starting around 1930, Finnish javelineers—Matti Jarvinen, Yrjo Nikkanen and Toivo Hyytiainen—had dominated the sport. An early intimation that the U.S. might be among those countries audacious enough to challenge the Finns came when Seymour won the silver medal at the 1948 Olympics in London. More solid evidence came at the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki, of all places, when a pair of Americans, Cy Young and Bill Miller, finished 1-2 in the event. The following year the real breakthrough occurred. Franklin (Bud) Held, a Stanford-educated engineer and later an ordained Presbyterian minister, broke the world javelin record with a throw of 263' 10". Held's impact on the sport went beyond the record book. Dissatisfied with the Finnish-made Karhu javelin then in general use, a wooden model that tended to nose-dive after reaching the height of its ascent, Held had been designing his own for several years.

The homemade javelins that came out of Held's workshop generally had blunter points and better aerodynamic balance, with the result that they lost altitude more gradually, gliding for precious extra feet. Controversial at first but eventually sanctioned with modifications, the so-called Held javelin, manufactured commercially by Held's father and brother (and more recently by American Athletic Equipment Co., a subsidiary of Head Ski Co.) succeeded in winning away a large part of the market from the Karhu. Now the Held and other javelins face similar inroads by the Swedish-made Sandvicken, a steel spear that vibrates less and is used by a growing number of top throwers.

The superior aerodynamic properties of latter-day javelins carry with them one disadvantage: gliding instead of nose-diving to earth, they tend to land flat in a kind of belly flop. To count as an official throw, the javelin has to land point first, whether it sticks in the ground or not, a rule that has nullified many fine throws. Particularly frustrating was the experience of Great Britain's John Fitzsimons, whose throws repeatedly landed flat during a meet with West Germany in 1965. "I needed one good throw to make a point for my country," recalls Fitzsimons, now the British record holder. "So on my last chance I simply threw it into the ground." Britain received the point and Fitzsimons' official distance was 9' 10".

Javelin throwers are a maddeningly erratic lot for other reasons. "The javelin has more variables than any other event," asserts Bud Held, who has left the active ministry and now manufactures stringing machines for tennis rackets near San Diego. "For example, the

wind doesn't affect the discus thrower or the shotputter very much but it can be crucial in the javelin. It may surprise some people, but usually it's better to throw into a head wind, which gets under the javelin and forms a cushion that helps keep the point up. A tail wind tends to drive the point downward the moment the javelin starts leveling out."

As with golf, the key to consistency in the javelin is to cultivate a comfortable groove. For achieving maximum thrust as well as avoiding injuries, it is necessary to synchronize the throw to get more than mere "arm" into it. "Actually, it's more of a pull than a throw," says Covelli. "Something like reaching behind you and pulling a door shut with all your might. It's a violent, split-second action and everything must be just so, every move in its proper sequence."

Unlike their European counterparts, who generally enjoy topflight coaching, it is common for American javelin men to lament, "I'm on my own." John Tushaus, a former University of Arizona star, recalls that as a schoolboy javelin thrower in Montana he acquired the sum total of his instruction by studying sequential pictures of a man throwing the javelin in an encyclopedia.

One of the few U.S. coaches intimately familiar with the javelin is Al Cantello, who a decade ago became the only American besides Held ever to break the world record, quite a feat considering that Cantello, at 5' 7½" and 163 pounds, is even smaller than Jorma Kinnunen. A high diver and gymnast, Cantello threw with a follow-through that attracted students of kinesiology—a headlong lunge through the air culminating in a jarring, chest-first landing.

Now an assistant track coach for the Naval Academy, Cantello gives tips to aspiring javelineers who phone and write him from around the country. To Cantello javelin throwing is among the most demanding of disciplines. "I passed a multitude of bigger, better throwers on the way up," he says. "I was more stubborn. What they didn't realize, those big clunkers, was the importance of being a technician, of timing, of getting into position. If you're just 1° off, you've blown it. But when you hit it right, it's like steak and potatoes. It's like going to heaven in a wheelbarrow. To make it, you improve a little here and a little there. You have to go up a hundred blind alleys to pick up a few feet."

For a moment in the mid-1950s it appeared that all those blind alleys might open at once. Out of the clear blue sky—or into it, actually—a phalanx of Europeans suddenly began throwing world-record distances. Behind their phenomenal results was a revolutionary new throwing style, originating in Spain—a whirling, discus-like motion in which the javelin slid through hands lubricated with soap and water. That made for cleaner javelins, but it also sent everybody scurrying for cover, because the whirligig delivery made the javelin's flight impossible to control. The new style was promptly banned, much to the displeasure of Spanish track and field officials, who blandly suggested that the danger could be eliminated by building a tall protective screen around the entire throwing area.

Even without benefit of such unorthodoxy, the world javelin record has advanced some 70 feet in four decades, and throwers like Kinnunen and Lusis are out to improve on that. So is Mark Murro, whose aim is to be the first American to crack 300 feet and to break Kinnunen's record while at it. Murro's biggest problem is that his throws tend to arc too high, wasting valuable momentum going upward instead of outward. If he can hold his throws down, he could well set a new record almost any time, possibly this week in Los Angeles in the U.S., British Commonwealth and Soviet meet.

Or he may never do so, for javelin throwing, remember, is an erratic event. One performer as precocious as Murro was Terje Pedersen, a lanky Norwegian who on Sept. 2, 1964 hurled the spear 300' 11", a throw that ranks as 1) the first past 300 feet, 2) the world record until Lusis broke it last year and 3) still the third-longest distance ever. Only 22 at the time, Pedersen went off to the Tokyo Olympics a month later as Norway's great hope for a track and field gold medal.

Pedersen, a dentist who retired from throwing last year, still shudders at the experience. "In Tokyo I couldn't have a glass of milk or do an exercise without reporters following me around," he says. "During the warmups, all my competitors gathered around to watch. Inexperienced as I was, I became terribly nervous." Pedersen did not even make it into the Olympic finals. Afterward he developed elbow trouble and had difficulty staying in shape. In three years of off-and-on competition following his historic throw, his best effort was 228 feet. "Javelin throwing is a fine sport," reflects Pedersen. "But you have to train very seriously and must have complete control. If you develop an improper technique, it takes a long time to get back to doing things the right way."

As for Murro, even if he avoids Pedersen's sorry fate, his name will probably be a household word only in the Murro household. A native of New Jersey, which has high school javelin competition, he took up the event (along with the discus and shotput) as a freshman at Newark's Essex Catholic High. During his senior year he set the existing national high school record of 252' 8", but an Essex teammate, Marty Liquori, now Villanova's fine miler, got most of the headlines. Even today as the country's No. 1 javelin thrower, Murro is probably no better known around Arizona State than the Sun Devils' sub-four-minute-miler, Chuck La Benz.

"The publicity thing used to bug me," admits Murro. "But there's nothing you can do about it. Javelin throwers just don't get much glory."

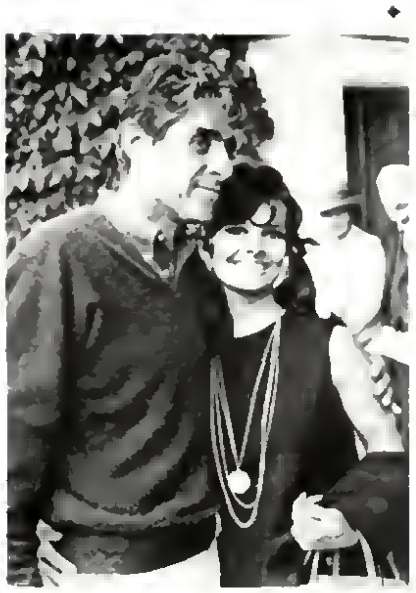
Not even in Hollywood's view of things has it ever been otherwise. In the 1952 movie *Come Back, Little Sheba*, a blowsy, kindhearted housewife (Shirley Booth) who mourns her lost puppy takes as a boarder a pretty coed (Terry Moore). The coed gets involved with a javelin thrower (Richard Jaeckel), a lapse in taste and judgment that naturally prompts the landlady's husband, a reformed drunk (Burt Lancaster), to go on a monumental bender.

As our story unfolds, the coed gives the javelin man the shaft, and a similar fate befalls the movie itself at Academy Awards time. Although Miss Booth wins an Oscar for her performance, *Sheba* is passed over, the award for best picture of 1952 going to *The Greatest Show on Earth*, an overblown movie about a circus. To the reader, all this may seem to be a subtle prelude to the contention that javelin throwing, not the circus, is really the greatest show on earth. Well, nobody, not Frank Covelli, not Mark Murro, not even old Steve Seymour, the George Washington of his little-appreciated sport, would seriously advance so extravagant a claim. No, sir, they'll tell you, javelin throwing is the greatest show in the sky. END

◆ Now that **Pancho Gonzales** and his ex-wife **Madelyn** intend to remarry (SI, July 7), the once and future Mrs Gonzales says, "People always ask me how I can possibly live with such a vicious-looking terror That's easy. I'm the only person Pancho can't live without."

Rudy Vallee, 67, can't swim, and so he refused a friend's invitation to float down Arizona's Salt River on an inner tube But the friend, Julian Peagler Jr of Phoenix, persisted, and finally Vallee agreed to give the sport a try, only to slide out of the tube he'd been talked into when it hit some Salt River rapids Peagler dived in and rescued Vallee, depositing him both safe and sorry upon the shore Vallee was fine, but his bathing trunks were down about his ankles NB since the Salt River is very shallow in many places near Phoenix, floating is locally referred to as "bottom bouncing."

John Mary Lynch, Ireland's prime minister, was famous years ago as plain Jack Lynch, hurler and footballer He captained several championship hurling teams and was himself awarded six consecutive All-Ireland medals, five for hurling, one for football It is still remembered that on St Patrick's Day 1944 Lynch played three matches, football in the morning in Bray, County Wicklow, and two hurling matches the same afternoon in Croke Park, Dublin—and cycled the 13 miles between playing fields





• "I said to myself, 'Boy, this has to be a put-on,'" reports Skydiving Instructor Dennis Scietti But the kid who turned up in Orange, Mass., saying he was Bobby Kennedy Jr was **Bobby Kennedy Jr.,** so after a quick call to **Ethel** in Hyannisport to double-check that the 16-year-old really had his mother's O K , Bobby was duly instructed, taken up to 2,500 feet and launched He floated like a butterfly

Judith Anne Ford, Miss America 1969, recently explained how it is that she is not playing major league baseball. She abandoned her childhood pitching career, she says, "when I was hit in the stomach with a line drive Then I went to the outfield, but one of the fellows was a poor sport He hit a long fly he didn't think I'd catch, but I did, and he came over and threw his glove at me and hit me I ran into my house and went back to playing with my dolls." It's a pity the militant feminists protesting the beauty pageant in Atlantic City last fall didn't know Judith's story. They might have stopped picketing and hailed her as a victim of the male Establishment.

Residents of Lincoln County, N Mex are busy celebrating the county's centennial this month The town of Capitan held a rodeo in honor of its most distinguished personality, **Smokey Bear,** and the town of Carrizozo had a quarter-horse show Lincoln is going to stage a pageant, as it has in the past, depicting the escape of **Billy the Kid** from the courthouse jail. The county's leading citizen, Artist **Peter Hurd,** has played the lead in this epic before, but this year he invited everyone to a centennial polo match at his ranch. Now NASA has invited him to Mission Control Center in Houston to do drawings of the Apollo 11 operation "I tried to get the launch postponed until after the match," Hurd assured his guests, "but we're going to have to put off the match" That's a lot of trouble Hopefully, NASA will not look at his work and snort "That's the ugliest drawing of a rocket we've ever seen."

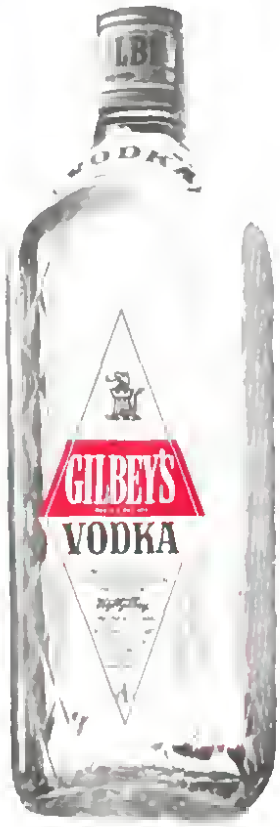
Senator Stephen M. Young (D , Ohio) works out daily in the Senate gymnasium and plays tennis several times a week, not so much for exercise as for blood At least he played tennis until recently, when he reached too far for a backhand shot and used his left hand to brace himself for a fall He didn't notice the swelling until after the match when he was having a few beers, and he didn't learn that the hand was fractured until his staff bullied him into going to a doctor Some people never learn, and Senator Young probably is one of them—he's 80 years old

Buffalo Bills' Owner **Ralph Wilson** had a filly, Miss Charisma, running at Ascot She went off at 88 to 1, unbacked by Wilson, and, of course, she came in first "I fly 4,000 miles to see my horse run She wins in front of the Queen She's 88 to 1, and where am I?" Wilson moaned "It's the first time in my life I've not made even a token bet on one of my horses." The odds on **O.J. Simpson** are a little shorter than 88 to 1, to be sure, but it may not hurt Wilson to be reminded that when you don't put any money out you don't get any money back

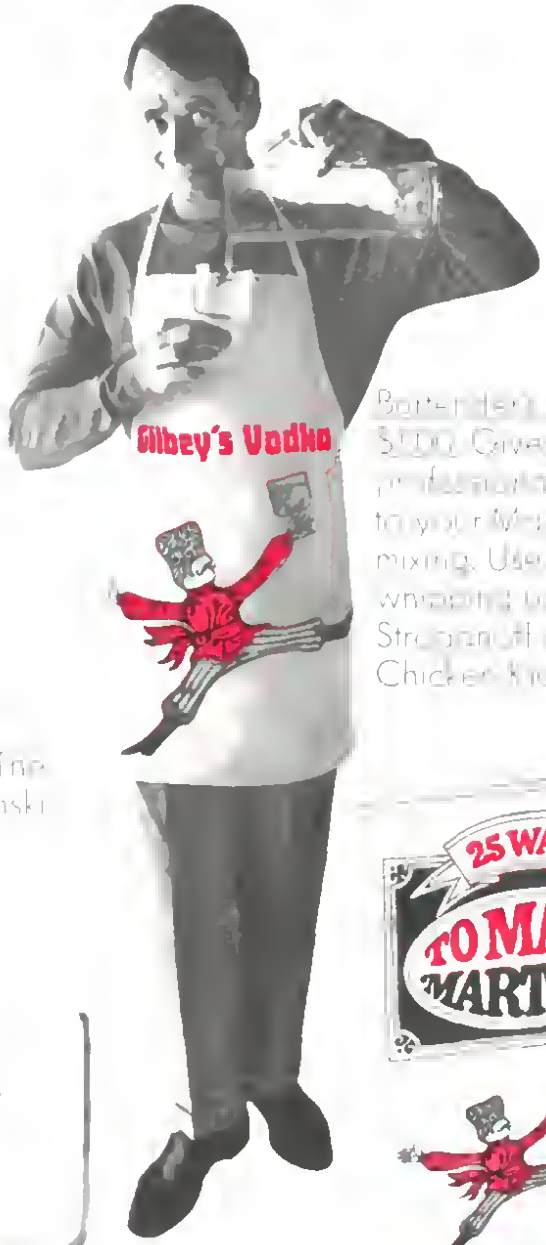
Joe Pepitone has purchased a new blue outfit. The moment he laid eyes upon the thing he whooped, "That's me!" Anyone who sees him in it will be in a position to agree that it's Joe, all right—both top and trousers are see-through mesh

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Cousin Leslie goes to market

Leading the country in breeding top-quality Thoroughbreds, Leslie Combs brings 30 Spendthrift Farm yearlings to the sales this week

When he gets to talking seriously—which is whenever there is a prospective customer within a couple of hundred miles of his Lexington, Ky farm—Leslie Combs really lays it in there. "If you want to get into racing the *right* way, not just some little itty-bitty operation that is hit-or-miss and will probably lose you all your money anyway, you've got to be prepared for a four-year program and spend $1 million." Before the listener can recoil all the way out of the paneled office to the safety of his car, Combs gives him that intense owl-like stare, throws his blue eyes into twinkle-and-flutter gear and adds with a disarming smile, "And in order to avoid getting into the business the wrong way, you'd naturally want to come and buy your horses and get advice from good old Cousin Leslie, now wouldn't you?"

Startling as this direct, fastball pitch may sound, it has elevated Combs to the very top rank among market breeders of Thoroughbred racehorses. For the first five months of this year Combs and his partners were the leading money-winning breeders, surpassing even Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm, the nation's leader in 1968. "Bull and I aren't really rivals," says Cousin Leslie cautiously as he thumbs through the *Daily Racing Form* to see what Claiborne-bred horses did in the previous day's races. (The doings of his own Spendthrift Farm-bred horses have already been marked by red crayon in the *Form* that Combs receives early each morning.) "Bull breeds to race, mostly in partnership with Bill Perry, and thus he is not a market breeder like I am. People try to promote a feud between us, but there really isn't one. As long as we stick together we've got 'em over a barrel."

This Monday evening some 30 Spendthrift yearlings—22 colts and eight fillies—will be led gingerly into the pavilion of the Keeneland Summer Sales. As he does every year about this time, Cousin Leslie is telling Spendthrift visitors that his current crop is his best ever and that he has every hope of topping the sales, which will hardly be news since he has been the leading seller at Keeneland for 19 straight years, during which time he has sold $15,565,100 worth of yearlings. His best year was 1964, when six head averaged $67,666. Last July, 26 head brought $1,457,000, an average of $56,039. And in July of 1967 the 28 Spendthrift yearlings brought $1,181,500. That was the occasion when one of Combs' steady customers, Frank McMahon, shelled out $250,000 for a chestnut beauty by Raise a Native out of the mare Gay Hostess and subsequently named him Majestic Prince.

Leslie Combs is not especially delirious over the fact that McMahon has since revealed his half-ownership of the mare (*The Man Takes Charge of His Horse*, June 2), for it will obviously affect the bidding when the Prince's full brother walks into the Keeneland ring in July of 1970. "I thought Majestic Prince was the best colt I ever raised," Combs said recently. "But now I've changed my mind. His brother is the best-looking young colt I've ever *seen*. When he comes into that sales ring next summer, it's going to be something. I'm going to announce that McMahon owns half of the dam and further state that both of us may bid. I just want Frank to have his chips ready because old Cousin Leslie might wind up buying this colt himself!" Combs also intends to let it be known that of his 30-head consignment this week McMahon is also half-owner of two of the dams. They are Red Tulip (by Jet Pilot), the dam of a Bold Bidder colt, and Save Time (by War Admiral), the dam of a Graustark filly. "I don't necessarily agree that the name of everyone connected with the breeding of a yearling should be listed in the sales catalog," says Combs, somewhat resentfully. "I buy a few yearlings privately now and then, too, but when I put them into the sales I think it is sufficient to list them merely as 'Property of Spendthrift Farm (Leslie Combs II)'."

From the day in 1937 when Combs started building up Spendthrift by purchasing 127 acres at an average cost of $400 an acre (today's price, $8,000 an acre), the Spendthrift trademark has been virtually synonymous with success. Among the 38 stallions standing at Spendthrift are eight syndicated for $1 million or more, including Raise a Native, Nashua and Gallant Man. There are no fewer than 59 broodmares who have won stakes or produced stakes winners, and Combs is justifiably proud that he has sold more winners of $100,000 than any other American market breeder.

Not every customer has to arrive at the gates of Spendthrift in a Brinks truck. Stud services range from the $500 fee to breed to stallions like Tom Cat, Green Hornet and Rainy Lake, to $1,000 for Clem Pac, Dead Ahead, Iron Peg and Cornish Prince, to $5,000 for Jaipur and Jester, to $10,000 for Bald Eagle. Others, like Fleet Nasrullah, Gallant Man, Nashua, Never Bend, Proud Clarion, Raise a Native, Swaps and Turn-to, are all privately syndicated and unavailable except through private deals or breed-



COMBS AND THE PRINCE'S BROTHER

ing rights trades with respective owners.

Two of Combs' well-heeled clients are George D. Widener and Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, both of whom retire their stallions to stand at stud at Spendthrift and both of whom board their broodmares there. Each summer they remove their yearlings to their respective home training centers. Other clients, with no such facilities of their own, let Combs and his 200-man Spendthrift staff break their yearlings on the 6,100 acres of Kentucky bluegrass. Many of the youngsters wind up at Combs' newly acquired facilities at Tampa's Florida Downs (formerly Sunshine Park), where they spend the winter in light training before they are turned over to the client's regular trainer in the spring of their 2-year-old seasons.

Of the roughly 400 Thoroughbreds at Spendthrift, Combs' customers own all or part of about 300. They pay $180 a month for board, plus veterinary bills and other incidentals such as blacksmith fees. The rest of the stock belongs to Combs himself: his mares, their weanlings and the annual crop of yearlings that is paraded into the Keeneland sales ring each July. The whole package, including shares in the stallions, the mares, the rich land and the 14-room Southern colonial mansion in which Combs now lives alone (his wife, Dorothy, died last November), would bring about $25 million, making it undoubtedly the most valuable Thoroughbred holding the world has ever seen. Combs, who will be 68 this October, claims he never wants to get out of the horse business entirely, but he is thinking of cutting down on the Spendthrift operation. "I've had a lot of offers, including some to go public on a stock deal," he says, "but I haven't made up my mind yet and probably won't before the end of this year." One temptation that does not move Combs is continuing for the purpose of racing his Spendthrift-bred stock. "I race a few fillies only," he says, "and I keep them for breeding purposes. The reason I don't race any of my colts is that I could be criticized for trying to keep my best stock for myself instead of putting it in the sales. For the same reason I don't sell privately. Everything is for sale. The best go in the Keeneland Summer Sales. Only if any of the leftovers are passed over in the Fall Sales would I consider selling privately. That doesn't happen often."

What does happen often these days is that Combs' mornings and afternoons are spent in showing off the 30 yearlings who soon will find new owners. The new buyer who comes into the Combs fold is given Cousin Leslie's facts-of-life primer early on. "I tell him to buy colts if he is primarily interested in racing, but to buy fillies if he wants to breed later. I suggest that he hit the middle of the price range, the $50,000 to $100,000 range, because that's where you'll get your best money value. Majestic Prince was an exception, and I expect his brother may be, too.

"When I say it will cost you $1 million to get into racing sensibly, I'm looking at it realistically, too. You should have a four-year program and plan to spend $200,000 a year buying. Buy five yearlings—three fillies and two colts—for each of the four years. At the end of four years you will have spent $800,000 on purchases, plus another $200,000 on boarding and training fees, etc., and you will own eight colts and 12 fillies, half of whom will have had ample chance to show you what they can do on the racetrack. The point is, if you've spent your money wisely you will either have won your investment out *or* have more than $1 million in value. Now, you know you can't walk into places like Darby Dan or Greentree and buy well-bred stock. Those people breed to race, not to sell. That leaves *you* out in the cold. Logic says you should do your buying at Spendthrift."

Although much of Combs' background, through the Swigerts and Alexanders, is pure Kentucky (the name Spendthrift was that of the winner of the 1879 Belmont Stakes, bred by Daniel Swigert, and great grandsire of Man O' War), Leslie is often regarded as more of a businessman and administrator than a horseman. Still, he has spent two dozen years on the state racing commissions of West Virginia and Kentucky and served one term as president of the National Association of State Racing Commissioners. Just 22 years ago, after acquiring the stallion Beau Père from the late Louis B. Mayer for $100,000, Combs decided to offer breeding services to some of his friends in order to "spread the risk around a little." Thus was born modern syndication of stallions, a financial manipulation that received worldwide recognition in 1955 when Combs and his carefully chosen syndicate partners won the sealed-bid competition for Nashua from the estate of the late William Woodward Jr. for $1,251,200. At 17, Nashua is still the showpiece of Spendthrift; 90,000 of last year's 100,000 visitors to the farm signed his guestbook.

For all the thousands of times that Combs has driven visitors through the lovely hilly terrain of Spendthrift, he never seems to tire of showing it off once more. And whether it be a drive up Linden Lane to the stately 200-year-old guesthouse or along the lush paddocks studded with oak, ash and walnut trees, he is never out of touch with his office staff or any of the foremen, all of whom can reach him through the mobile intercom system. He drives cautiously, always inspecting, always looking for flaws to be corrected.

On a recent tour he stopped for a moment to show a visitor his specially converted Greyhound bus, the Blue Goose, painted in the bright blue and orange colors of his racing silks, in which he takes all his cross-country trips and hauls as many as a dozen friends to nearby race meetings. Then the tour went on, past 55 acres of tobacco and pastures containing 150 head of Hereford. Finally, the *pièce de résistance*, a paddock of broodmares grazing with their foals.

Combs stopped the car and walked slowly to the paddock fence. His blue eyes took in everything quickly and then focused on a 12-year-old chestnut mare, Gay Hostess, with a frisky colt by her side. "There he is," said Combs. "Majestic Prince's full brother, a faultless colt in every way. Oh, how I'd love to race this one for myself."

Combs drove slowly back to the office. There, he got up from his desk for the thousandth time to admire a portrait of his foundation mare, Myrtlewood. Then he sat down to sign a stack of checks that had been placed before him by his personal secretary of 25 years, Mrs. Louise Judy. Between telephone calls he scribbled away. Suddenly he bounded past Mrs. Judy's desk to confront one of his foremen in the outer office. His voice rang out over the others: "How long have we been paying blacksmiths $4 to trim a horse's feet?"

"Why, ever since the price went up from $3, Mr. Combs."

"Imagine paying these robbers $1 a foot!" growled the man who could sell his empire for $25 million. "That's downright ridiculous!" **END**



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Mystic Wei of the East

We first met C. C. Wei about five years ago and found him a delightful fellow with a not uncommon hang-up: he had a bridge system that he was convinced would beat the world. C. C. was gently persistent about trying to get expert help with this project, but virtually every expert has met a dozen or more system inventors eager to have their brainchild tried out against the world champions. Wei is such a nice chap, however, that nobody wanted to brush him off; we just introduced him around and urged him to try his persuasive powers on other possible collaborators.

Certain events in Rio de Janeiro this past May might possibly have changed the picture. The Nationalist Chinese team, with C. C. as nonplaying captain and four of its members playing his Precision System, defeated the Brazilian, French and American teams and won its way to the finals against Italy.

China defeated both France and the U.S. with a team of three pairs that had never played as a unit before including a pair that had never played as partners before, Dr. C. S. Shen of Purdue University and Frank Huang of North Plainfield, N.J. Both the Americans and the French are generally considered technically superior as cardplayers, and that would seem to focus the spotlight on C. C.'s system, which, like

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

	NORTH ♠ K 7 5 2 ♥ A K J 2 ♦ — ♣ J 10 7 5 4	
WEST ♠ A 10 9 4 3 ♥ 7 ♦ A Q 7 3 ♣ Q 9 3		EAST ♠ J 8 ♥ 8 4 ♦ J 10 9 8 5 4 ♣ A K 8
	SOUTH ♠ Q 6 ♥ Q 10 9 6 5 3 ♦ K 6 2 ♣ 6 2	

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
2♦	PASS	4♥	(ALL PASS)

Italy's three methods, includes an artificial opening bid of one club. Wei is taking some time off from his businesses of building tankers here in the U.S. and of transporting oil from Iran for the purpose of writing a book about his system. Here it is in action in one of the hands from the finals.

Before discussing what actually took place on this deal, let's consider what did *not* happen. Suppose you held the East hand against an opening bid of one club. Wouldn't you consider overcalling with one diamond? Or suppose you held the West hand and, after North opened with one club, East passed and South bid one heart. Wouldn't you be inclined to try a takeout double, asking partner to bid spades or diamonds? With either a French or an American pair holding the North-South hands, that is what the bidding would have been, and the chances are that East-West would have reached what they expected to be a good sacrifice contract of five diamonds. The fact is that five diamonds, with the king of diamonds favorably located, is a laydown, and once East-West have reached that contract the very best North-South can do is go on to five hearts, down one. But when the Chinese held the North-South hands, East-West were afforded no such easy road to their best result.

China's North was provided with a highly specialized bid—a kind of blow-out patch on what would otherwise be a weak spot in the Precision System. He could not open one club, the artificial bid to show a strong hand; he could not bid one diamond with no diamonds at all; he could not bid one heart or one spade because opening a four-card major suit is taboo. One no trump would show a weakish, balanced opening bid, and two clubs would announce a long, strong club suit. Thus two diamonds is the first available bid not already hitched to some other precise meaning, and the Wei method uses it to show a three-suiter with, specifically, shortage in diamonds.

Knowing that North was short in diamonds enabled South to jump to four hearts as a two-way bid. Not only could he expect to have a good chance to make his contract, but at the same time he was preempting against the opponents' known fit in diamonds. When everyone passed, declarer found he could not possibly lose more than two clubs and a spade trick, and the Chinese scored 420 for their game. **END**



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

The Ponte Vecchio of Florence Originally constructed during the 1st century, this historic bridge has been rebuilt three times. Charming "boutiques" line each side, many producing jewelry of fine Florentine gold. Also out of Italy's past is the legendary Liquore Galliano, said to be "distilled from the rays of the sun." Perhaps you *can* taste sunlight in every sip. Galliano has conquered America. Let it win *you* over. Tonight?

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BOXING'S GREAT WHITE HOOPLA

A man of many moods and many faces, crafty Teddy Brenner mixes men, managers and money to make the big Garden matches by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

One of the fighters was bleeding in the main event and Teddy Brenner, up front ringside in his usual seat at Madison Square Garden, chewed gum and absently flicked commands at a lieutenant. "If this fight is stopped in the next two rounds, we'll bring on the four-rounder," said Brenner from behind his horn-rimmed glasses. "If it lasts beyond that, we'll forget it and go home." And somehow you had to hand it to this ex-shirt salesman from Brooklyn, not so much for the cool authority with which he made decisions as for even daring to sit up front ringside at all. For Teddy Brenner, your best instincts told you, should not be turning his back on people.

Brenner, who is the matchmaker for the Garden, is one of the most controversial men in boxing, a distinction derived as much from his buzz-saw personality as from any dark deeds that his detractors can point to with anything more than innuendo. Like that other kind of matchmaker, the *Hello, Dolly!* marriage broker, a boxing matchmaker needs plenty of cunning and cuteness to ply his trade. It speaks for Brenner's supply of both that the fights he puts together are more fun to watch, and sometimes last longer, than those arranged by your very best marriage broker.

"I'm the best matchmaker in the business," Brenner allows, and even his enemies readily concede as much. But then some of his enemies reportedly have to shave twice in the morning, once on each face. For the record they talk sweet about Brenner, because he is the man to see about getting a fight in Madison Square Garden, and the Garden, besides being boxing's major shrine, is just about the only show in town. Off the record, Brenner could use a new reputation.

"Let me tell you something," he says, leaning forward at the desk in his underground Garden office. "It doesn't matter what anybody thinks. I have to answer only to myself. The matchmaker can't be popular. He has to deal with people, not ashtrays or suits, and people are always up to something. They're always making deals and then changing their minds. People can be a lot of trouble."

During 22 years as a matchmaker, the last 10 of them at the Garden, Brenner has had his share of trouble, people being what they are. Whenever Oscar Bonavena boxed in the old Garden, misunderstandings over the size of his purses almost invariably brought both the Argentine heavyweight and Dr. Marvin Goldberg, a Long Island optometrist and then Bonavena's manager, storming into Brenner's office. On one occasion Bonavena slammed a fist and a foot against the matchmaker's door, while on another Goldberg and Brenner had a noisy go at each other, with the door getting easily the worst of it. In boxing such out-of-the-ring altercations do not necessarily preclude doing business, as evidenced by the fact that until he recently was arrested in New Jersey, one of the Garden's biggest attractions was a light heavyweight named Frankie DePaula, whom Brenner used regularly even though DePaula's trainer, Al Braverman, earned some measure of renown a while back by flooring the matchmaker with a single punch.

Ask Brenner about the Braverman fracas today and he waves a hand and declares, "You shouldn't believe everything you hear." As the conversation turns to other matters, his brown eyes begin to smolder and a frown forms across his vaguely aquiline, yet unobtrusively handsome, face. His forehead,

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHARFMAN

speckled and tanned, subdivides into furrows, and his toothpaste-white teeth disappear into an outthrusting jaw. The smoldering has turned to a slow burn. "So they're still talking about Braverman's sneak punch?" he finally asks. "That's what it was, a sneak punch."

Still, Brenner avers that it never pays to hold a grudge, and as a matchmaker he knows only too well that colorful and popular prizefighters like DePaula are in short supply. (DePaula currently is charged with complicity in the theft of $80,000 worth of copper bars, a situation that makes him unavailable for Garden bouts.) The dearth of good fighters, and the occasional loss of gate attractions like DePaula, tempers whatever absolute power the Madison Square Garden matchmaker might otherwise enjoy—or so Brenner claims. "Sure I hold leverage over them," he admits, "but the managers and the fighters, the good ones, hold leverage over me, too."

A certain amount of tension between matchmaker and manager is natural, even unavoidable. "It's the matchmaker's duty to force a manager to fight worthy opposition," says Brenner. Despite this lofty mission, there are those who regard his taste in matches as arbitrary, capricious or worse. When he uses a fighter they accuse him of playing favorites or owning a piece of the action. When he passes over a fighter they call him aloof and arrogant. If a bout is exciting, the fighters get the credit. If it is not, the matchmaker gets the blame. There are even some people who profess to believe that a boxer should get work merely because he has talent. Brenner qualifies as a tough operator largely thanks to the zeal with which he reminds such idealists that this is not the best of all possible worlds, maybe not even second best.

Matchmaking, he advises them, is not simply "a matter of putting the No. 1 and No. 2 men in the ring. Anybody could do that. It is a matter first of determining whether the styles of the two fighters blend. Then you have to decide if it's an important fight. In other words, will the winner move on to a bigger fight? And is it one that I as a fan would want to see? The fans want to see the best fight, and that doesn't necessarily mean the best fighters.

"Take two fighters. One brings in $1,000 worth of tickets. The other brings in his lunch in a paper bag. So I don't use him. Right away they say I'm looking for a kickback or something. Baloney." Here the matchmaker paused, uncertain whether to go on. Finally, as if to have it quickly out in the open and be done with it, he brought up Emile Griffith. Griffith, who is co-managed by Gil Clancy, a close friend of Brenner's, has fought in the Garden no fewer than 23 times. "Everybody said I favored Griffith or that I controlled him," Brenner continued. "Well, nothing could be more of a lie. I've never controlled anybody, and I've never accepted a penny from anybody."

The role of prosecutor happens to suit Brenner far better than that of defendant. When he sets his heart on a particular match he can be a dogged and insistent adversary, wheedling, sulking and threatening until the managers finally relent. Like a poker player bragging about an artful bluff, Brenner was unable to resist telling a newspaperman about the time he approached a manager whose fighter was accustomed to receiving $4,000 a bout. Brenner offered him one for $5,500—correctly anticipating that the manager would routinely ask for time to think it over. When the manager called back later that afternoon to accept, Brenner pretended that he had already found somebody else for the fight he originally had in mind. "But I do have another fight for you," the matchmaker quickly added. "It's only $2,500 if you want to take it." The manager, his previous indecision having taught him a lesson, took it.

It sometimes can be an asset in business to be unpredictable, just to keep the other fellow off balance, and Brenner gives the people he deals with vertigo. "Teddy can be all dripping with honey one minute," says a longtime associate, "and be cold as a *latke* the next." A couple of days before the Garden's recent Emile Griffith-Kitten Hayward fight, Maxie Shapiro, a pretty fair lightweight three decades ago, stopped by the matchmaker's office for tickets. Sitting down, Shapiro reminisced about the time he was matched with a young opponent everybody described as "inexperienced." It was Sugar Ray Robinson, and he finished off Shapiro in the third round.

Shapiro, now white-haired and 55, chuckled to himself. "I'll tell you why he was inexperienced," he said. "Up to that time he'd knocked everybody out in the first round." Brenner laughed heartily and paced the room, talking animatedly with the former fighter. Passing by his desk, he suddenly began thumbing through a newspaper distractedly. Then he sat down and doodled on a note pad, rectangles and circles alike. He was utterly lost from the conversation, and Shapiro, at length, got up and left.

If Brenner sometimes seems like a caged cat, it is partly because his office, like those of other Garden boxing personnel, is cramped and windowless. But the simile is apt for another reason: he looks like a lord of the jungle, a solid 6-footer with a penchant for neat color combinations, right down to the pinkie rings he wears, a star ruby one for blue-gray outfits and a gold one, in the shape of a boxing glove with a small diamond in the center, to accompany yellows and browns. When he wears blues even his hair, graying, thinning but with uncanny blue highlights, seems to go with the ensemble.

Arriving at his office one Monday morning, Brenner confided: "I gave away 27 suits over the weekend. I just got tired of them." He soon left, not to return until midafternoon. "Look at these," he said, holding up a strip of assorted fabric swatches, blues and golds, plaids and checks. "I just bought 10 suits." If that left him 17 suits short, he still manages to appear presentable when he goes out in public.

In addition to his matchmaker's role Brenner was recently named vice-president of Madison Square Garden Boxing, Inc., the Garden's wholly owned boxing subsidiary. The new designation came after he approached the Garden's bosses for a $10,000 raise. Instead, Brenner reports, they gave him a $5,000 raise and made him vice-president. At the

continued

Meet the man who took the bare knuckles out of bourbon.





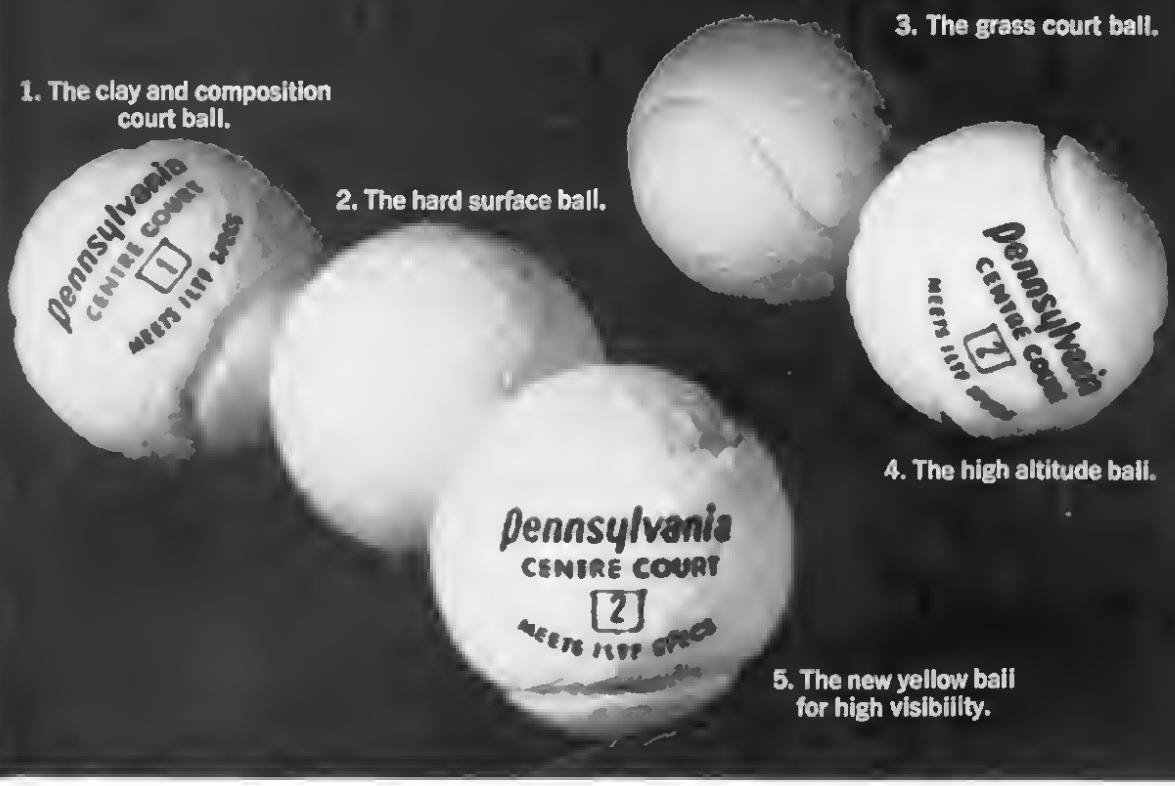
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same time Harry Markson, previously director of the boxing operation, was named president.

Markson comes across as Brenner's precise opposite, a small, sallow man, mild-mannered and slightly rumpled. "Mr. Markson and Mr. Brenner are like night and day, believe me," volunteers Mary, the office switchboard operator. Yet the two men work well together. Markson has ultimate responsibility for the Garden's boxing shows and has to answer to management for profits and losses. He gives Brenner an important voice in areas of general policy and pretty much of a free hand in selecting the fighters and negotiating with them. The elder of the two, as well as the man who hired Brenner, Markson sounds like the permissive father of a gifted son. "Teddy knows boxing," he says. "He's a fine judge of talent and what we should pay for it."

Brenner's $5,000 raise puts his salary somewhere "above $25,000," which may impress Internal Revenue but is hardly a great deal of money for a man given to buying 10 suits at a crack. Some boxing people would have you believe that a man with Brenner's appetites, especially one with a discerning eye for athletic ability, could reap a small fortune placing side bets. "Teddy bets on football and basketball," Markson snitches, "but never on the fights." Ask the matchmaker himself, and there is that wave of the hand and another warning about not believing everything you hear. "When they talk about somebody making a $10,000 bet it's probably really $100 or even $10," he says enigmatically.

Not that Brenner is exactly shy about going into speculative ventures. During his 52 years—or 50, or 49, depending on who wants to know—he has been in business for himself on a number of occasions, both within boxing and outside. And some mornings he has been known to glance at the stock quotations even before turning to the sports page. There are obviously plenty of opportunities for a man to enrich himself. Besides, Brenner buys his suits wholesale.

From his comfortable three-bedroom brick home in Brooklyn, it took Teddy Brenner five minutes to drive one Saturday morning to the Coney Island boardwalk, where he was going out jogging. Having recently quit smoking at the urging of his wife, Judy (the Brenners have two married children, Richard, 26, a resident doctor at Stanford, and Marsha, 22, a French instructor at Berkeley), he loped along the boardwalk at a nice steady pace that would have been unthinkable a few months before. His 1968 Olds Cutlass was parked back at West 4th Street, and Brenner moved over the weathered planks, past the fishermen on Steeplechase Pier and out toward the Half Moon Hotel, where, in 1941, Abe Reles, the Murder, Inc. witness, either fell, jumped or was pushed to his death.

Along the way Brenner passed a figure jogging in the opposite direction, a diminished man of perhaps 60, wearing Bermuda shorts and carrying a briefcase that swung to and fro as he ran. The matchmaker slowed to a walk, breathing heavily. "Reminds me . . . Central Park . . . where fighters do . . . roadwork. There's a colored fellow . . . runs six miles every morning . . . with a cigar in his mouth."

Brenner was born in the Borough Park section of Brooklyn, the son of a Jewish immigrant from Poland who worked as a leather cutter and designer. Because of his name, Teddy has sometimes been mistaken for Irish, and to this day he receives mail at the Garden addressed to Terry Brennan, the ex-Notre Dame football coach. Unhappy with a couple of Garden bouts, a writer in *The Village Voice* recently charged that the choice of fighters was governed by the "dark side of Teddy's Celtic heart."

As a youth Brenner played at just about every sport but boxing, including punchball, stickball and craps, all of which had the virtue on Borough Park's congested turf of requiring limited playing fields. A standout basketball player at James Madison High School, he became friendly with the boxers at Brooklyn's Crystal Gym while hanging around the pool hall in front. But his interest in the world of prizefighting was really kindled by Irving Cohen, a boxing instructor at the Bensonhurst YMHA whom Brenner encountered while playing basketball there in the evenings.

Before long Teddy was accompanying the older man to the fights. "And let me tell you something," Brenner recalls. "You had some choice. Monday night you had St. Nicholas Arena, Tuesday night the Park Arena in the Bronx, Wednesday your choice of three clubs, including the Hippodrome, where Billy Rose produced *Jumbo*." Brenner glided through the week. "Friday nights," he said with a touch of reverence, "you had *the Garden*."

On weekends in those days Brenner frequented Stillman's Gym in Manhattan, and he would have spent weekdays there except that he had taken a job after his high school graduation as a shipping clerk and salesman for a Manhattan shirt house. Among the light crowd at Stillman's, Teddy sometimes was called—literally—the walking encyclopedia, because he learned—and recited—the records of all the fighters. Brenner has always, so far as he can recall, had a retentive memory, and he used it to advantage among the Stillman regulars.

"Somebody would bet me a dollar they could stump me on a fighter," he says. "They'd say, 'In such and such a year Tony Canzoneri fought B.P.' And I'd tell them it was Billy Petrolle in 1932, and I'd pocket the dollar."

The youthful Brenner struck some old-timers as a brash upstart, and there was no doubt that he had a lot to learn. One day Irving Cohen entered the gym with a young zoot-suiter whose hair was combed back in a ducktail. "Get rid of him," Brenner advised his friend. "He doesn't know whether to fight or get a haircut." The man was Rocky Graziano, and Cohen became his manager.

Because of his knowledge of the fighters, promoters had occasionally solicited Brenner's suggestions on matches as far back as those early days at Stillman's. Now, following the war (Brenner was a Seabee for three years), Irving Cohen was matchmaker for a small club in New Brunswick, N.J. but wanted to devote more time to managing Graziano. He turned his New Brunswick chores over to Brenner. "Teddy could match the fighters so evenly that if you had six fights, five would end in draws," recalls

continued

Cohen, now retired and living in Hollywood, Fla. Brenner's talent soon brought him other matchmaking jobs, including two separate stints at Manhattan's 3,500-seat St. Nicholas Arena. Because St. Nick's was run by Madison Square Garden, Brenner on each occasion automatically became assistant matchmaker at the Garden, but both tours were terminated by spats with his Garden bosses.

Nowhere was Brenner's uncommon eye for boxing talent displayed to better advantage than on the televised boxing shows of the 1950s. Given the tight requirements of TV scheduling, it was particularly important on such shows to avoid mismatches that would result in quick knockouts. As the matchmaker for Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway Arena, where the Monday night fights were telecast (first by the Du Mont network and later by ABC), Brenner not only avoided mismatches but used Eastern as a showcase for such up-and-coming fighters as Bobo Olson, Gene Fullmer, Walter Cartier and Floyd Patterson. But Eastern Parkway never became known as the "cradle of stars" or anything like that. Instead, an almost uninterrupted string of victories by underdogs gave it the nickname "The House of Upsets."

After ABC dropped its show at Eastern Parkway in 1955, Brenner returned to St. Nick's, where Du Mont was now telecasting its Monday night fights. St. Nick's was no longer affiliated with the Garden, and Brenner this time was promoter as well as matchmaker, with his own money at stake. And so in 1959, when the Garden matchmaking job fell vacant and Harry Markson approached him about the job, Brenner was more than ready to pull up stakes at St. Nick's.

Brenner's most impressive accomplishment at the Garden is that he has survived, his tenure being the longest of any matchmaker in the arena's history. "Let me tell you something," he says. "There have been all those grand jury investigations and district attorneys looking into boxing, and everybody else in boxing has been called down to Washington. But I've never even been called to testify anywhere. If they had anything on me, don't you think they'd use it? Well, there *was* that one grand jury in Chicago that subpoenaed me, but that didn't amount to anything. I went there for 20 minutes."

Teddy Brenner could hardly have lasted in his present job, and the same goes for Harry Markson, unless the Garden's boxing operation was paying its own way. In better times Madison Square Garden staged some 30 boxing shows a year in its own arena, another 35 or so at St. Nicholas Arena and an occasional super attraction at Yankee Stadium or some other outdoor setting. Today there are barely 35 shows, all told, a dozen of them in the new building's 20,000-seat main arena and the rest in the 5,000-seat Felt Forum. It is a rousing success to break even on a show in the Forum, which Markson calls an "incubator" for promising fighters, and the results are sometimes little better in the arena.

The boxing operation nevertheless manages to show an end-of-the-year profit, although the Garden's financial statements do not disclose, and Markson will not say, just how much of one. In any case, the key to staying in the black is the fact that all it takes to offset a lot of losing shows is a big success or two. One such success was the doubleheader that opened the new Garden on March 4, 1968, featuring two title bouts, Nino Benvenuti-Emile Griffith and Joe Frazier-Buster Mathis. That particular card drew a live gate of $658,503, which is a record for an indoor show.

Everybody in boxing will unblushingly tell you that a bout between a good black fighter and a good white one still makes for big box office, especially in the heavyweight division. For that and other reasons, it required no gift of matchmaking genius to conceive of the artistic and financial possibilities of pairing such brave-bull opponents as Joe Frazier and Jerry Quarry. Where the genius came in, to hear Brenner tell it, was in the negotiations that brought the two fighters together.

In dealing with Quarry, says Brenner, "the problem was in selling him on the idea of fighting the greatest offensive heavyweight around. With Frazier it was a different problem. He would rather have fought Jimmy Ellis, to clear up the heavyweight situation. The convincer was one thing, M-O-N-E-Y. A quarter of a million dollars. Frazier's manager, I love him. He gets right down to the nitty gritty: 'Talk money and I'll listen.' Besides, Frazier likes to stick with Madison Square Garden because, he says, 'That Teddy Brenner, he helped get me where I am.' With some guys it's always, 'What have you done for me lately?' "



Quarry catches the soft con: the art of matchmaking is to convince the fighter that he can win.

Frazier is not the only fighter who owes his success to Brenner, according to Teddy's own scorecard. Harking back to his days at Eastern Parkway and St. Nicholas Arena, Brenner says that in his capacity as matchmaker he "discovered" Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, "introduced" Gene Fullmer and "nurtured" Joey Giardello. In making such claims Brenner employs his verbs interchangeably so that he may actually have nurtured Fullmer, introduced Jackson and so forth.

When it comes to judging winning form a matchmaker probably has an even tougher job than a horse trader, who at least has Thoroughbred bloodlines to go by. In horse racing Reigh Count won the Kentucky Derby, and his son Count Fleet and grandson Count Turf did likewise. In boxing Gene Tunney won the heavyweight title, and his son John was elected to Congress. Instead of studying pedigrees, the matchmaker has to keep individual images of countless fighters etched indelibly on his memory. And he must be able to graft any two of them onto the same image to picture them fighting each other. Brenner is said to have that turn of mind, probably not unlike that of a master chess player, that lends itself to subtle exercises of mental projection.

"Teddy will match a guy you wouldn't think had a chance against another," says onetime Fight Manager Marv Jensen, who remains an admirer despite Brenner's negative first reaction to Jensen's espousal of the cause of Gene Fullmer. "But he knows different. He knows this guy has a style or an asset that will offset advantages of the other guy. And he also knows the drawing power of the fighters. He can predict within a few dollars what a match will draw. He knows the heartbeat of a fighter—and the fight fan."

As the onetime proprietor of the House of Upsets, Brenner also knows the fan appeal of closely matched, unpredictable bouts. He openly prides himself on being able to lull favorites into overconfidence and to fire up underdogs with visions of victory, but he says he does all this merely for the sake of making the match. "Whenever there's an upset they always say, 'That Brenner must know something.' Well, let me tell you something. All the matchmaker can do is suggest the fight. It's the manager who says yes or no." Brenner also insists that he would never move a young and promising fighter into tough bouts before he was ready. One who begs to differ is Cus D'Amato, former manager of Floyd Patterson. "Brenner may make fights that the fans want to see," says D'Amato, "but he doesn't care which fighters get hurt in the process. He'll destroy a guy for a single fight. He's the kind of businessman who only worries about the present, but doesn't worry about protecting his investment for the future."

When D'Amato had Patterson on the way up, Brenner booked Floyd into Eastern Parkway no fewer than 13 times, with Patterson winning 12 of the bouts. Today D'Amato in one breath accuses Brenner of unsuccessfully trying to destroy Patterson while admitting in the next breath that he himself personally approved each of his fighter's 13 bouts. For his part, Brenner claims full credit for discovering—or nurturing, or introducing—Patterson, yet he then turns around and dismisses him as a "second-rate champion." If the Garden management wants another moneymaking attraction, it could do worse than book D'Amato and Brenner for an exhibition in mental gymnastics.

It is Promoter Aileen Eaton and her matchmaker Mickey Davies on the West Coast and the Brenner-Markson team in the East who have, more than anyone, kept boxing alive in recent years. The sport languishes almost everywhere else, with shows held occasionally, if at all, and the lack of action has a demoralizing effect on some fight people. Teddy Brenner among them. It is a rather hollow distinction to be a major league operator if there are no minor leagues, and Brenner sometimes likes to give the impression that the daily crises he endures in the course of his work are no longer worth the bother.

On the wall of his office is a framed newspaper clipping that he points to as an example both of the kinds of challenges he faces and of the kinds of responses he is routinely capable of making. It recounts the time that Doug Jones threatened to pull out of his scheduled 1963 fight in the Garden with Cassius Clay unless Brenner came up with some additional free tickets for him.

"Let me tell you something, Doug, my boy," Brenner told the fighter. "If you don't show up, Clay can shadowbox three rounds, recite poetry for 10 minutes and everybody will have a ball and go home happy. But if Clay doesn't show up, we can announce that you're going to fight a live gorilla and we'll have a riot from people demanding their money back."

His face a mask of weary forbearance, Brenner complains: "You get tired after a while of the way people are in this business. For example, they're always calling you up at 4 in the morning at home. Does a ballplayer bother his manager at 4 in the morning and say, 'Why did you send in a pinch hitter for me today?' But these guys call me up and say, 'Who do I have to see and who do I have to know?' Well, they have to see me, and they have to know me, but let me tell you something. They can see me at my office in the morning."

If they had stopped by one particular morning not long ago they would have found the matchmaker, his back to the door, hunched forward in front of an illuminated fish tank that occupies a corner of his office. "That's a smart fish, that blue one," he said over his shoulder. "Eats all the other fish, then hides behind the rocks when I get near." In one hand was a small net, which Brenner held along his side, as if to keep the fish from seeing it.

Sometimes in boxing's murky waters it requires no less stealth to make a match, and the matchmaker of Madison Square had better keep that net handy. "In matchmaking," Teddy Brenner says as he builds toward what, for a successful businessman, must amount to a painful confession, an expurgation even, "the art is to suggest a match and then show the fighter how he can win. If he loses, you can always say he didn't listen." And doesn't one fighter always lose? "Let's face it," Brenner shrugs, "it's a bit of a con." END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

[illegible] Paul Blair [illegible] — Baltimore [illegible] unsettled [illegible] Yankees recently by [illegible] a game more [illegible] nickname. The [illegible] Orioles [illegible] who had a .421 [illegible] average [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] On his [illegible] Blair [illegible] batted .301 [illegible] just [illegible] ing the [illegible] number [illegible] superstar Frank Robinson. [illegible] are not many players who compare favorably with Robbie, but Blair is making a strong bid. Always an exceptional fielder, he endured a year-long slump last season and finished at .211. This year he has matched his fielding with hitting and trails his more renowned teammate by just 19 points in average, two homers (20-18) and 12 runs batted in (62-50). Blair's totals in home runs and RBIs are already higher than they were for all last season. Boston (4-4) also has a fast-climbing young star in Reggie Smith (*below*), but the player Red Sox fans are watching closest now is George Scott. Scott, a slick defensive player at either first base or third, seemed to have arrived at stardom two years ago when he averaged .303. Then last season he crumbled to .171 and had trouble getting over .200 in the early weeks this year. But over the last month he has raised his average by 80 points, and last week crashed two triples and a single in one game to get Ras Carl all the runs he needed for his 111th win. Twelve runs resulting from 14 unearned runs knocked Detroit (3-5) back temporarily from second to third place with Cleveland (4-4) narrowed its margin by escaping the cellar. The Indians closed within two games of New York (2-2) as Ken Harrelson (*page 22*) belted six homers and drove in 13 runs. The Yanks started the week with [illegible] game [illegible] cracked when [illegible] table Mel Stottlemyre recorded his [illegible] victory with a complete game. For the [illegible] time in [illegible] visits to Robert F. Kennedy Stadium President Nixon saw Washington (4-3) win. The Senators' victory came on a four-hit, 11-strikeout shutout by Joe Coleman. Harmon Killebrew picked up eight RBIs to raise his major league leading total to 90, and Minnesota (2-1, *page 76*) enlarged its .315 as the Twins opened up a five-game Western Division lead. Little Luis Aparicio of the White Sox almost did in Oakland's 15-4 ace right-hander Blue Moon Odom with a rare home run. After the blast gave the Sox a 1-0 lead in the third inning Odom said, "I was ready to fall out, but I had me a little Gatorade, got a little salt in my body and began to come around." The Sox hitters gave Blue Moon a big boost, too, scoring eight runs in the fourth. Odom finished smoothly with a three-hitter for his 12th win. In the middle of the pack Seattle (2-2), Chicago (4-5) and Kansas City (4-4) knocked over within half a game of each other. The Pilots, burdened with a staggering casualty list, fell out of third place. Eight of Manager Joe Schultz's players were either out of action or available for only part-time play due to leg injuries. The White Sox continuing their improved slugging, belted five home runs last week to bring their season team total to 70, just one shy of his year's total. Also missing heavy hitting, the Royals were advanced to third place. The team averaged .290 with 78 hits for the week as Tom Poquette led the regulars with 4-8 and 10 runs batted in. But the most spectacular batter was Pitcher Jim Rooker. In two starts he chalked two homers and a double while driving in three runs and winning his first major league game. (He's 5-5 career [illegible]

[illegible] Batting [illegible] .347 .338 Bos .494 .4
West [illegible] .347 .45 [illegible] West M .n .53 .5
Oak .4 [illegible] .34 .50 .1 h [illegible] ea .18 .50 Cal .3 .55

NATIONAL LEAGUE

For the first time since mid-April St. Louis (4-2) reached .500, and the Cards again talked of jumping back into the Eastern Division pennant race. The odds are long against them. They trailed by 15½ games on July 4, and no team has ever come from that far back to win the championship. In taking eight of their last 10 games the Cardinals found help from unexpected sources. Ray Washburn, who had not won in 81 days, pitched the victory that evened his team's record, and Julian Javier, a .268 hitter, batted .333 for the week and showed some surprising muscle when he bounced a home run off the roof at Connie Mack Stadium. In the process he may have had an answer for critics who claim the Cards' park is not hungry enough. "I didn't eat any breakfast, and all I ate before going to the park was a small salad. If I had eaten a big salad I would have hit the ball over the roof and out of the park," Javier said. Pittsburgh (5-3) had just three home runs, all by Roberto Clemente, but still slugger Willie Stargell could not have been happier. He averaged .556 and took over the lead in the race for the batting championship. Second place New York (4-2) met division leading Chicago (4-[illegible]) before huge crowds at Shea Stadium. For the afternoon series opener [illegible]

HIGHLIGHT

[illegible] series with Boston [illegible] Yankees [illegible] Jim Lonborg [illegible] Yankee [illegible] Stottlemyre [illegible] But [illegible] Yankee [illegible] Stottlemyre [illegible] strikeouts [illegible] Lonborg [illegible] Yankee [illegible] Reggie Smith [illegible] But [illegible] Yankee [illegible] strikeouts [illegible] and Cepeda [illegible] game [illegible] Red Sox [illegible] game. Both [illegible] 24 earned hall [illegible]



SMITH, RIDING HIGH IN FENWAY

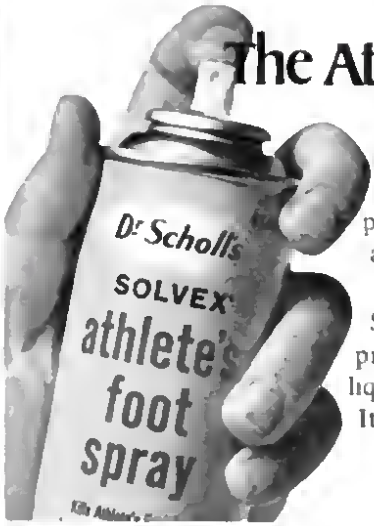

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"I'd rather have a little Old Taylor than a lot of anything else."

er 55,000 showed up, followed by a crowd of 60,000 the next night as the Mets won the first two games of the series. They took the opener with a three-run, ninth-inning rally. The second win came when Tom Seaver picked up his 14th victory with a near-perfect performance, going 8⅓ innings before rookie Outfielder Jim Qualls lined a solid single to left field to become the Cubs' only base runner of the game. With Richie Allen still AWOL, Philadelphia (2-6) Manager Bob Skinner continued to sprinkle his lineup with unknowns. Outfielder Rich Barry made his debut last week and became the 14th rookie to appear for the Phils this season. Montreal's (1-6) Mike Wegener hurt the Mets' run toward the top with both his arm and his bat. The righthander broke a personal four-game losing streak, checking the Mets for 7⅔ innings and cracking three hits, including a bases-loaded double. In the Western Division, Cincinnati (4-3) moved within three games of the top as defending batting champion Pete Rose led the way with a .355 week. Rose, who slumped below .300 in June, raised his season's average to .320 and moved into position to challenge for another title. While San Francisco (5-2) edged within 1½ games of the top, Juan Marichal, who missed most of May with an injury, was back in top form. He moved in among the league's four biggest winners with his 12th victory, a three-hit shutout. And signs were good for Giant fans for the rest of the season: the righthander twice interrupted his tight pitching to make his usual complaints about his woes. First it was a gnat in his eye and then a bruise on his hand. Los Angeles (4-4) and Atlanta (3-5) traded first and second places three times. The Dodgers took the top spot briefly when they swept a doubleheader from the Braves behind Pitchers Claude Osteen and Al McBean. Manny Mota, whom the Dodgers picked up last month from the Expos as an extra outfielder, had his biggest day since joining the team and taking over as its leading batter. His eight hits in 10 times up in the double bill helped raise his average with the Dodgers to .412. Surprising Houston (4-3) also stayed in the Western Division battle, the closest in either league. Fasthaller Don Wilson, who struck out 24 batters in a pair of complete-game victories, and slugger Jim Wynn, who hit four homers with 10 runs scored and nine driven in, kept the Astros within 6 games of the lead. Even last-place San Diego (2-5) got a hand in the race. The Padres caused the Braves to lose the lead when Ivan Murrell clouted a decisive two-run homer, his first in the big leagues. The next day Murrell again shocked the Braves when he rapped a game-winning single.

Standings—East: Chi 56 34 .622; NY 45 36 .556; StL 46 46 .500; Pitt 43 46 .483; Phil 38 49 .437; Mont 27 61 .307. West: LA 50 37 .575; Atl 51 39 .567; SF 50 40 .556; Cin 45 38 .542; Hou 46 45 .505; SD 31 61 .337.



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING Olympic gold medalist RODNEY PATTISSON of Britain, sailing his *Superdocious*, won the first four races of the six-race Flying Dutchman world championship in Naples, Italy, then took a fifth place in the next to clinch the title.

American yachts took the first three places on corrected time in the transatlantic race from Newport to Cork, Ireland. KIALOA II, a 73-foot yawl owned by John B. Kilroy of Los Angeles, took first place with a time of 12 21 16 48 minutes better than *Ondine*, which crossed the finish line first. *American Eagle*, owned by Robert E. Turner III of Atlanta, came in third.

BOXING No. 1-ranked middleweight contender LUIS RODRIGUEZ knocked out light heavyweight Eddie Owens in the seventh round of a scheduled 10-rounder in Miami after bouncing Owens off the ropes with left-right combinations.

GOLF At the Royal Lytham Links perched on England's wind-battered western coast, TONY JACKLIN, 25, became the first Briton to win the British Open since Max Faulkner 18 years ago. Jacklin maintained at least a two-stroke lead throughout the final round, finishing with a 72 for a 280 total. New Zealand's Bob Charles was second with 282 and Roberto De Vicenzo of Argentina and Australian Peter Thomson, a five-time winner of the Open, tied for third with 283. Jack Nicklaus and Dave Love Jr. shared sixth as Americans made their poorest showing in 10 years (*page 17*).

JOHN JACKSON JR., 21, a senior at Arizona State University, who was five strokes behind the leader going into the last round of the National Public Links Golf championship in Erie, Pa., had four birdies, including a 45-foot birdie putt on the 14th hole, in his final round 70, to win the title with a 292 total. There was a four-way tie for second, two strokes back.

HARNESS RACING CHARMETH HANOVER ($55,800) driven by John Patterson Sr., the horse's last chance among the six 3-year-old fillies in the $150,000 Hudson Trot at Yonkers, was predictably in the last end of the pace after three quarters of a mile, then burst into the lead and stormed the wire first by a neck over favored Patsy Lee ($6.50). $11,250 winner's purse.

Earle Avis, 75, driving GUN RUNNER ($6.40), held off a stretch surge by favored Dream in the $75,000 Yonkers Sir Mac Lad Trot for 3-year-olds to win by a nose in 2:04[1] and capture one of the 11 counties in Samuel H. Yonkers Futurity's first leg of Harness Triple Crown.

HORSE RACING In the $81,150 Dwyer Handicap for 3-year-olds over 1¼ miles at Aqueduct, Tartu Adam's field GLEAMING LIGHT ($11.80) on the lead all the way to win by a head over Jay Ray, the favorite, in 2:04. Braulio Baeza, finished fifth in the field of five, then flew by helicopter to Monmouth (N.J.) in time for the start of the $113,800 Amory L. Haskell Handicap but was filly again as VERBATIM ($27.20) with Pete Anderson up also stayed in front for the entire mile and a quarter, beating San Roque by a comfortable five lengths in 2:02[4]. Only hours before, Verbatim had been stripped of a track record set in Philadelphia because of a positive drug test result.

HIGONERO ($13.80), carrying 14 pounds less than favored *Nodoubtic*, beat him by a length in the $167,500 Hollywood Gold Cup in 1:58[4], nine fifths second off the Hollywood Park track record for 1¼ miles held by Swaps and Round Table.

MOTOR SPORTS In the $50,000 Canadian-American Challenge Cup at Watkins Glen, N.Y., New Zealanders swept the first three places as BRUCE McLAREN, who had set a course lap record of 132.31 mph in the preliminaries, drove his orange McLaren Chevrolet to victory, trailed by teammate Denis Hulme in second place 30 yards behind and Chris Amon driving a new Ferrari in third. Earlier, in the six-hour endurance championship for manufacturers, PORSCHES came in 1-2-3, while Fords, winners in two earlier major endurance tests this year against Porsches, did poorly. Only one finished and that in fifth place.

ROWING AL MEDIOLI, 18, of Syosset (L.I., N.Y.) won the national youth singles title over the 1,500-meter Blacklock Channel course in Buffalo by three feet in 5:16.3 and earned a place in the World Youth Championships to be held in Italy next month. His closest rival, Andre Albert of the NYAC, lost his chance when he steered erratically over the final 500 meters, shifting from one lane to the other in his frantic efforts to overtake Medioli. In the eight-oared feature, the Litchfield Rowing Association of Kent, Conn., stroked by Kent School graduate Charlie Bradshaw, defeated Undine Barge Club of Philadelphia by 1¾ lengths in 4:17.5.

SOCCER The Atlanta CHIEFS defeated the Dallas Tornadoes 5-1 in Dallas *when Graham Newton* kicked a goal in the second half that broke a 1-1 tie. The Chiefs then scored three more in a seven-minute spree.

SWIMMING Two world records were set in the Santa Clara invitational. GARY HALL, 17, of Garden Grove, Calif., swam the 400-meter individual medley in 4:38.7, slipping[1] a second off Charlie Hickcox's mark. ROLAND MATTHES of East Germany beat one of his own, winning the 200-m 2:07.4. MARK SPITZ tied two world records: the 100-meter butterfly in 55.6 and 200-meter freestyle in a time of 1:54.3 seconds. *page 20*

TENNIS GEORGE (Butch) SEEWAGEN of New York City beat Zan Guerry of Lookout Mountain, Tenn. in the finals of the men's U.S. Amateur singles championship at Rochester, N.Y., 9-7, 6-8, 1-6, 6-2, 6-4. In the women's singles LINDA TUERO of Metairie, La. beat Gwyneth Thomas of Shaker Heights, Ohio, 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING of Berkeley, Calif., unsuccessful in defense of her Wimbledon title last week, was back in winning form at the Irish Open in Dublin, beating England's Virginia Wade 6-2, 6-2 in the finals. BOB HEWITT of South Africa beat Nikki Pilic, the Yugoslavian pro, 6-3, 6-2, for the men's singles title.

TRACK & FIELD At a Hawaiian meet serving as a tune-up for this week's triangular competition against the U.S.S.R. and the British Commonwealth, JOHN CARLOS won the 100-yard dash in 9.4 and the 220 in 21.3. JOHN PENNEL won the pole vault at 17 feet, and DORIS BROWN of Seattle set a U.S. record of 4:48.7 in the women's mile, eclipsing Vicki Foltz's record by 10 seconds.

MILEPOSTS APPOINTED: Director of operations for the ABA Minnesota Pipers HARRY [Buildy] JEANNETTE, former player, coach and general manager in the NBA.

RESIGNED: After two years as coach of the NBA Seattle Supersonics, AL BIANCHI, because he felt his coaching had not produced the results he desired. In the two years Seattle has been in the NBA it has lost 111 of 164 games.

RETIRED: As boxing champion, NICK BUONICONTI, 28, five-time All-AFL linebacker who was traded to the Miami Dolphins by the Boston Patriots last March. Discouraged over his failure to negotiate a satisfactory contract, he says he will devote himself to his law practice unless the Dolphins reconsider their offer.

RETIRED: KARL MILDENBERGER, 31, former European heavyweight champion, whose only [illegible] strife provided Cassius Clay with one of the [illegible] fights of his career. In becoming Clay's [illegible] reexaminee for a brawl.

DESTROYED: DARK MIRAGE, first in [illegible] New York's Triple Crown for fillies and rated [illegible] best 3-year-old of either sex in 1968. Owned by [illegible] coronation Lloyd Miller, Dark Mirage was retired earlier this year because of a wasting illness. Veterinarians were unable to reduce her [illegible] was destroyed. The illness prevented her [illegible] in Dr. Fager, the 1968 Horse of the Year.

DIED: WHITEY BIMSTEIN, 71, who trained many of the best in boxing, including Lou Ambers, Mac Barr, Gene Tunney and Rocky Graziano, after a long illness in New York.

DIED: WILLIAM W. RENNER SR., 57, of Huntsville, N.Y., captain and quarterback of the University of Michigan's 1933 national championship football team, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

DIED: ROBERT (Red) ROLFE, 60, New York Yankee all-time third baseman, at his home on Governor's Island in New Hampshire after a long kidney illness. During his nine years with the Yankees (1934-1942) under Manager Joe McCarthy, New York won six American League pennants and five World Series and Rolfe was superbly consistent in the field and an excellent hit-and-run batter. His lifetime average was .289. After he left New York he coached baseball at Yale, managed the Detroit Tigers for two years and was athletic director at Dartmouth for a third term.

CREDITS

4 [illegible] 16, 17 [illegible] 21 [illegible] 22 [illegible] 27 [illegible] 38, 39 [illegible] 44 [illegible] 56 [illegible] 61 [illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



GOLDEN RICHARDS, 18, a three-sport letterman, led his Salt Lake City high school to the Utah Class A track title, setting meet records in the 180-yard low hurdles (18.9) and 100-yard dash (9.7). He also won the long jump in spite of having gashed his leg on a hurdle.



GLENN SIGMON, 12, a Wharton, W. Va. coal miner's son, who was runner-up in last year's national marbles tourney, acquired a coveted moon-aggie taw early in the 1969 contest, then survived 44 games on the final day to take the title in a shootoff 11-9 at Wildwood, N.J.



DEBBIE NORRIS, who switched from running the quarter mile to the half because "you don't have to go hard all the way in the half," ran hard enough to set national 880 records for girls 12 and 13 in 1967 and 1968, and this year ran the fastest for a girl 14 at 2:12.9.



JIM JACOBSEN, 5'9" lefthander from Omaha, allowed just one earned run in 66 innings and that only after 57 shutout innings in a row. Struck out 122 and had an 8-0 record in leading his [illegible]ghton Preparatory School to the state high [illegible] title.



KATHY MANKOWSKI, 30-year-old mother of four daughters, won the Des Moines women's golf championship for the second straight year, despite two obstacles. She had to battle a driving rainstorm during the match, while five months pregnant with her fifth child.



DON ADAMS, an Atlanta broker, became the first American to win an overall aggregate championship in small-bore rifle competition, when he scored 2,761 of a possible 2,800 points in the British National Rifle Meet, giving the U.S. team 3,851 to Britain's 3,829.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DECISIONS, DECISIONS

Sirs

Peter Carry, in writing about the College World Series (*Odd One for the Sun Devils*, June 30), says, "After losing 3-2 to NYU's No. 4 starter in a game that ended with a close call at first, the Longhorns put on a boorish display that was remarkable in a series that otherwise was a model of old-fashioned cheer-your-opponent good sportsmanship."

Since then UT President Norman Hackerman and Baseball Coach Cliff Gustafson have received a letter from Cap Timm, chairman of the NCAA World Series committee, saying that they can be "justifiably proud" of the Longhorns. The letter praised the conduct of the Texas players during and after the disputed game. Timm indicated that the Horns were justified in the argument and that they handled themselves well.

Carry carefully avoided describing the close play and left the impression that the Horns were protesting needlessly over a clear-cut call. On the play, Jack Miller hit a sharp grounder to the NYU first baseman. The first baseman narrowly won the race to the bag but collided with Miller. The ball rolled about 150 feet down the right-field foul line, and Tommy Harmon scored the would-be tying run. The umpire called Miller out and ran off the field with his three colleagues, not any of them seeing the ball roll free. However, the umpires were apparently the only people in the stadium who did not see the play, and most of the spectators immediately sided with the Longhorns.

The rule covering such a play can be found on page 37 of *Knotty Problems of Baseball*, published by the *Sporting News*. "After catching the ball, a fielder must have secure possession while making the out and, if a collision immediately follows the catch and the fielder drops the ball, the runner is safe."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED should not tolerate such irresponsible reporting. By reporting only one side of the issue, Carry has degraded the Longhorn coach, the team and the University of Texas.

RAY KENT

Austin, Texas

Sirs

Peter Carry must have broken the hearts of the 12,000 University of Massachusetts students, many alumni and proud supporters, as well as members of the fighting Redmen baseball team who fought their way to the College World Series in Omaha and there not only beat first-ranked Southern Illinois but brought pride to themselves and their school. Mr. Carry listed at various points in his article seven of the eight participants, but for reasons unknown, nary a mention of our gallant University of Massachusetts team. Perhaps you can reverse your decision just this once.

GEORGE MARCHEV

Bloomfield, N.J.

Sirs:

Your fine report of the Coaches All-America Game (*Replay of the 12th-man Theme*, July 7) gave me what we psychologists refer to as an "aha phenomenon"—*i.e.*, a little bit of insight!

Since the night of the game I've been in a quandary, wondering how it was possible that Paul Gipson was judged the most valuable player in the game. It seems to me that Bob Campbell did just about everything except sell popcorn and programs at halftime (and, judging from your story, he probably did that too, in addition to helping sell tickets at the gate!). All evening, Bud Wilkinson used the Campbell name almost exclusively—punting, running, catching, etc.—or did I miss the fact that it was the soup company that was one of the sponsors?

Well, now, it all fits into place. It would have been just too logical to award the prize to the most deserving. It would have deterred from the two hours of slapstick comedy! I hope Bobby is saying, "Thank God, maybe the watch had no movement inside anyway!"

DR. GEORGE SIDNEY

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs

The Coaches All-America Game was a flagrant display of bad officiating. It is this type of rule enforcement that is hurting the game of football today. It is hard to believe that in this day of modern technology, such calls can be made and enforced (especially on touchdowns). With all the new slow-motion, instant replay and television equipment, there should be a judge who, when a disputed call is made, would call time out, check the play carefully and then make a decision.

Besides the officiating, the judging for the most valuable player award didn't seem right. Not to detract from Paul Gipson's play in the game, but whoever the judges were, they undoubtedly didn't notice the excellent play of Bob Campbell, who punted for an average of about 50 yards, was used as a pass receiver, a running back and scored the East's only touchdown.

PETER BALEGA
ALAN REAM

Xenia, Ohio

Sirs:

Your article, *Replay of the 12th-man Theme*, was as amazing as the voice of Paul Christman finally admitting the truth. In these days of swifter, larger, more intelligent athletes, sports have advanced at a rapid rate. However, the officials still remain slow and incompetent. The sports whirl has speeded up so much in the last decade, the officials have fallen far behind. We need to have guidelines, to make sure that athletes get a fair shake on a call. Most TV commentators are always telling us that the slow-motion, stop-action camera shows us how accurate the calls have been. It only shows how often they are wrong! To err is human, but for an official to give a game away is a crime.

JOHN F. WATERS

Southwest Harbor, Me.

Sirs

Possibly the best comment concerning the questionable officiating in the Coaches All-America game was found in an otherwise sterile wire-service article the next day. Someone with a sense of humor had written, "Enyart scored from the two on a one-yard plunge."

I certainly hope the example of the officiating doesn't set the stage for the remainder of what should be a fine season. There are enough other ways of making the scores higher.

JOSEPH A. SNYDER

Harrisburg, Pa.

NEEDLES AND PILLS (CONT.)

Sirs:

I must admit that I was reading Bil Gilbert's account of drugs in sports (*Problems in a Turned-on World*, June 23 *et seq.*) with a great deal of skepticism. The thought of my infallible baseball heroes being on drugs especially angered me.

After reading his second installment, in fact, I was all ready to let fly a burning letter to Mr. Gilbert. However, I decided to postpone this bit of action until after a televised game between the Tigers and the Orioles which I had just settled down to watch. I was still fuming when, in the top of the first, Willie Horton hit a double and went barreling into second base pulling a hamstring muscle in the process. As I watched Willie kneeling down grimacing, I said to myself, "Aha, Mr. Gilbert! See, my baseball players can take the knocks without any of those painkilling drugs."

Just then the Detroit trainer came trotting out on the field, reached into his pocket and pulled out a bottle of pills. Willie grabbed a couple and immediately gulped them down! Forgive me, Mr. Gilbert, everybody *is* guilty.

TOM RUGO

Madison, N.J.

continued

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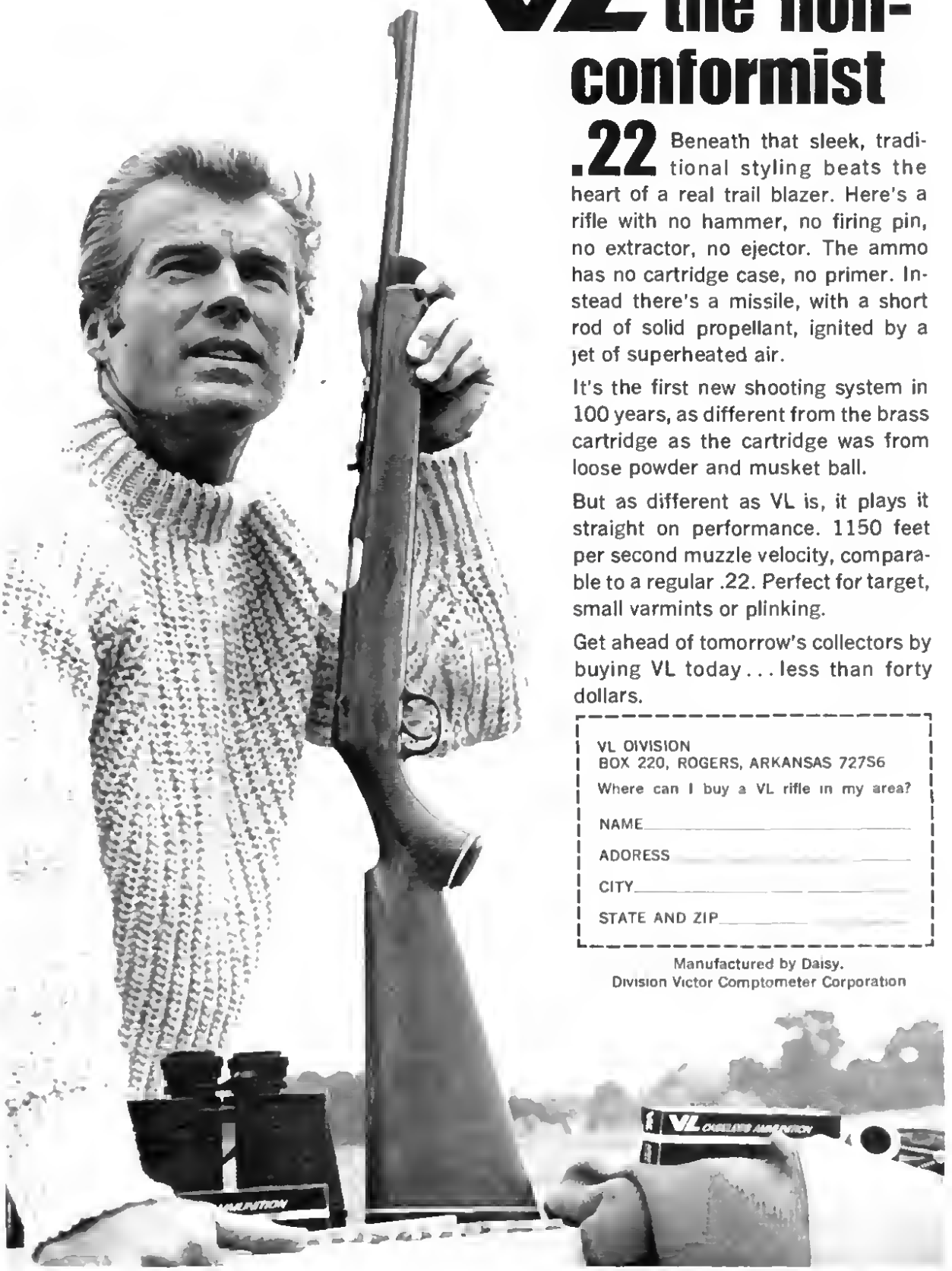
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SUPERFILM

Sirs:

Re Ed Sabol's letter to 19th Hole (June 23): He *forgets that* prior to its showing, this film was advertised as the "Official Super Bowl" film by NFL Films, Inc.

He now tries to salvage this idea by claiming that it was "an honest effort to show another view of a great sporting event."

Furthermore, a film showing a view of an event that has the effect of minimizing *the efforts of the team that made the event* so memorable is indeed a cheap shot. The only people who are happy about this film are those Colts fans who still can't believe their team got beaten.

J. C. Wasch

Rego Park, N.Y.

Sirs:

Who does Ed Sabol think he's kidding? When Green Bay was winning Super Bowls, NFL Films concentrated on how they won and who starred for them. Now after nine years of scorn and ridicule the Jets have given the AFL a shot at the glory given a champion and a showcase for its stars. But *is the Super Bowl film about* Namath, Snell, Sauer or the other record-setting Jets? No. This year Sabol tries something different. Quite a coincidence.

Thomas Nardini

Bayonne, N.J.

SUPERSCORES

Sirs:

An impression might be gained from this year's PGA tour that there has been a steady improvement in the winning scores. Because the Masters is the only major championship that is always played on the same course, its results offer a means of testing this theory.

The average winning score for the pre-war period, 1934-42 inclusive, was 282.0. For the most recent period of equal length, 1961-69 inclusive, it was 279.9. The improvement was 2.1 strokes for four rounds or .425 strokes per round. Periods of nine years in length would seem to be long enough to eliminate the effect of year-to-year variables such as weather, course condition, etc.

Accordingly, it could be claimed that the improvements of the past 30 years in respect to clubs, balls and playing techniques have, in total, resulted in the lowering of the average score of the best players by about half a stroke per round.

Perhaps one of the appealing factors of golf in an era dominated by technology is that it is a game of the individual against the elemental forces of nature.

Melville B. Miller

Redondo Beach, Calif.

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